

The Sketch

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NINEPENCE.



"SOUTHERN" IN THE NORTH, BUT STILL "OF THE MOUNTAINS" IN THE SOUTH: MISS JOSÉ COLLINS
AS DOLORES IN "THE SOUTHERN MAID," AT MANCHESTER.

Miss José Collins recently went north to Manchester to create the title-rôle in a new musical play, "The Southern Maid," which is destined to succeed "The Maid of the Mountains," at Daly's. As Dolores in the new piece, she made a brilliant success, but it will

doubtless be some time before London sees her in the part, for "The Maid of the Mountains" shows no sign of ending its run. Miss Collins herself has returned to "The Maid of the Mountains," reappearing in the anniversary performance last week.—[Photograph by Guttenberg.]



Wedding Belles.

The wedding of Miss Anne Pollock to Captain Cyril Asquith, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Feb. 12, was a charming affair. Mrs. Asquith was there attending to details, and she saw that every bridesmaid wore her pendant of rose quartz slung on a platinum chain—the gift of the bridegroom. Miss Pollock wore a beautiful Renaissance gown of exquisitely rich ivory satin, moulded to her slight young figure. She walked slowly and very gracefully down the aisle, and "looked a picture." Close to her long train of white satin and silver came two miniature bridesmaids in Renaissance frocks of old brocade, green leaves in their hair, and bunches of primroses in their hands. The big bridesmaids included the bride and bridegroom's sisters, and they were a bevy of beauty in graceful tunic dresses of aquamarine blue, and with embroidery of a soft, yet bright, green. Silver head-dresses, with floating blue veils, completed their effective dress. What a beautiful girl Elizabeth Asquith, one of the bridesmaids, has grown into! She



"Said the manager of Princes' Restaurant . . . 'One party last week included Lord Derby, who was accompanied by a number of officers. . . . The majority each produced his own sugar-satchel when the coffee arrived.'—*Daily Paper.*"

walks well, too, in processions—not an accomplishment too frequently met with. I like the notion of tying up primroses with gold ribbon, and daffodils with silver. It is a dainty conceit—I suppose it was the bride's idea, for that is how her bridesmaids' bouquets were treated. Mrs. Cyril Asquith is the ideal wife for a future politician, for, besides good looks (she is tall, *élancée*, the type of the healthy English girlhood at its best), Mrs. Cyril Asquith possesses that democratic affability, broadness of views, and modernism of manners which should make her in years to come a popular hostess of the Liberal Party.

Studying and Selling.

It is not only love that grows on what it feeds upon; apparently, the more women work, the more they want to. I met Lady Swaythling, as pretty and fresh as usual, on her way to hear a talk on "Japanese women," and heard that she and Lord Swaythling are both learning Japanese! No slight task for two exceedingly busy people. Lady Swaythling will remember the week ending Feb. 9, this year! For two whole days she sat in Harrod's from 10 to 5 attending to the sale of War Savings Certificates. The first day, when I met her at 1 o'clock, she had a total of £700 to her credit—a feat which requires a deal of doing.



The baffled doctor (who has just discovered that his patient is wearing tomato and orange bedsocks):—"And I've been treating him all this time for influenza." "Mr. Prosser holds that colour has a great therapeutic value, and can be used with splendid curative effect in certain mental diseases; contrariwise, colours misapplied may produce such diseases."—*Daily Paper.*

The Women's Appeal.

Lady Askwith, whom I also saw at Harrod's, similarly engaged, says, regarding the Women's Appeal which she has been organising, that she and her friends are now confining themselves to canvassing Members of Parliament to get their help, and the National Party is taking up the matter of the appeal. Lady Askwith, the wives of

25 lord-lieutenants, 4 lady mayoresses, and 122 mayoresses and wives of provosts stated in an appeal that they asked that no man who has been twice wounded should be sent back to the Front: work ought to be found for them at home—and so say all of us!

The Soothing Song.

Lady Maud Warrender is setting a new fashion in music. When I heard her recently—the last occasion being at the Fortune of War Dinner given at the Lyceum Club, with Miss J. E. Dunbar as president, she sang no foreign music, but, instead, old English songs. Lady Maud Warrender's voice is exquisite in songs like "My Lovely Celia" and the sixteenth-century "Willow Song." A great many distinguished guests at this dinner wished good fortune to the "Fortune of War Cafés," which are stationary coffee-stalls, manned by disabled sailors and soldiers



THE PANCAKE SCRUM AT WESTMINSTER: THE WINNER, MR. E. GOMPERS, AND THE COOK.



WAITING FOR THE TOSS: COOK AND COMPETITORS AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL ON PANCAKE DAY.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

At the Court Theatre.

The first Anglo-French Matinée at the Court Theatre in Sloane Square, on Feb. 7, went off very well. Mlle Juliette Mylo's sketches of French life, "Silhouettes Parisiennes," are "taken on the quick," and reveal a subtle observation and a great gift of fun. Mlle Mylo possesses these in large measure, and is a clever artist as well as an actress of real emotional power.

An Air Wedding.

The wedding of Squadron-Commander W. Geoffrey Moore, D.S.O., R.N.A.S., and Miss Haydée Becker was an all-afternoon affair, recalling peace days. Beginning with the twelve o'clock ceremony at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, it continued and ended at the Savoy Hotel, where a wonderful luncheon was served to three hundred seated guests. The trousseau was also wonderful, as were the wedding-gifts. Sheafs of telegrams came winging in regretfully from the

The wedding of Squadron-Commander W. Geoffrey Moore, D.S.O.,



The Farmer's Boy: "Please, Sir, your shavin' water's gettin' cold—I brought it up a hour ago." "Farmers have protested that German prisoners employed on the land start late and work only half a day."—*Daily Paper.*

AND A WHACKING GOOD CHIEF TOO! MRS. BURLEIGH LEACH, THE W.A.A.C.'S NEW CHIEF CONTROLLER.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.



Isle of Wight, sent by Flying Corps officers unexpectedly detained. At the Savoy Chapel the bride, whose white satin gown was embroidered with the R.F.C. badge in pearls, was given away by her father, Mr. Fred. Becker. Lord Ventry, Lady Strathcona, Sir Vansittart Bowater, Sir Francis Lowe, and Archdeacon and Mrs. Tait were present. One of the best-dressed women was Miss Julia Neilson, in black charmeuse with a touch of emerald-green, black toque with feather border, a lovely chain and ear-rings of uncut turquoises, and a deep ermine shoulder-cape with long crossed ends. (Mr. Fred Terry was unable to be present because he was acting in Leicester.) Dancing until five o'clock, and a flow of eloquent speeches, probably due to the poetical spring champagne in the air, for the day was balmily beautiful—quite unlike one's preconceived notions of blustering February. What better augury could an airman bridegroom wish? Nothing was lacking but a moonlight night.



"The ultimatum which the representatives of the nation have presented to the central food authorities is 'No sausage, no Reichstag.' . . . Large numbers of deputies . . . are hurrying home to the fleshpots of the provinces."—*The Leipzig Volkszeitung*.

Grosvenor Gallery was an eager little crowd of onlookers, as if it had been some smart wedding. Of Lady Diana Manners there are three portraits at the Grosvenor—one by McEvoy, two by R.G. Eves. Among the portraits of people in the public eye are that of the Duke of Connaught, by Philip Hagreen; a plaster statuette of Princess Patricia, by Clare Sheridan; the late Sir Herbert Tree, by Harrington Mann; the Countess of Wemyss, by Ambrose McEvoy; the Viscountess Curzon, by R. G. Eves; Lady Mainwaring, also by Eves; the Marchioness of Bath. Mr. Vladimir Rosing's portrait by Glyn Philpot attracted much interest. It is originally conceived, and expresses a mystic aspect of the singer. Jacob Epstein has four fine bronzes in the centre of the large gallery.

At the Grafton. Since the Grafton Galleries are back in bounds they have been more than popular with the dance-giving hosts and hostesses. On Saturday (the 9th) Mrs. Nicholls gave a party for her daughter. Both rooms were thrown open for dancing, and there was a brilliant assembly of several hundred people. I noticed among the guests many Guardsmen on leave. Ethel Levey was conspicuously elegant in moonlight-blue. Lord Caledon and the Duke of Manchester were also there. On the 11th, Lieutenant Ronald Wilson gave a dance on the occasion of his last day on leave. Among the large gathering of Society and stage people were the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Pearson, Mrs. Forrester Agar (whose parties at her charming Adam house in Great Cumberland Place have been so appreciated by many soldiers on leave), Mrs. Pigache (herself a hostess on the 12th at the Grafton Galleries), the Earl of Shrewsbury, Sir Michael Bruce, Lord Portarlington; and leading lights of the stage—Delysia (in black), Fay Compton, Billie Carleton. Others present were Mrs. Roy Glen, whose husband is at the American Embassy, Washington; Lieutenant Collins, American Naval Attaché at the London Embassy. Mrs. Arthur Hamilton also came with a party. In the almost forgotten days before the war the Galleries were the scene of a number of very jolly dances; but, for real, business-like application to the art, I think none of them could give



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GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
EVERY DAY.

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THE CORNSTALKS' FIRST
PEER: SIR JOHN FOR-
REST, RECENTLY MADE
A BARON.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Portraits at the Grosvenor.

There were so many fair, famous, and fashionable sitters who went to see their portraits at the private view of the National Portrait Society on the 13th that on each side of the door of the



A SUBSTANTIAL "BACKING": TRIALS OF THE POLICEMAN'S
LOT—AT THE ASQUITH-POLLOCK WEDDING.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

anything away to the weekly functions of the Boston Club, at which were invariably to be found a roomful (or should I say two roomfuls?) of indefatigable and highly skilled amateurs who went straight through the evening with scarcely a break. Either Stroud-Haxton or Joyce usually officiated; and if the time conceded were brief—for we danced from nine till twelve only—the same might have been said of the intervals. The Boston is but a pleasant memory nowadays, and I suppose that if the old club is to flourish again it will have to be re-named. Another dance where one amused oneself, as the French say, was the "Mardi Gras" given by Miss Harding on Shrove Tuesday at the Empress Rooms of the Royal Palace Hotel. The proceeds of the evening were sent to the Alexandra Hospital, Cosham, Portsmouth.

At the S.P.T. Club.

There was an interesting and novel lecture at the Kingsway Theatre on the 8th, when Mr. E. Temple Thurston spoke of "The Future of the Author for the Film." That lecture was the first of a series to be given by the S.P.T. Club, which had been started in the interests of the cinema as an art, not only as a paying business.

More Murray-ing.

There has been a great booking of tables at Murray's for Friday (the 22nd), which is Washington's birthday. Though the American night will fall on a meatless day, no one will mind at all—one feels all the lighter for the after-dinner dancing. American visitors are going there in force. Murray's Club is nightly packed; although with the present restrictions they have to close at midnight, until then it is the one bright spot, with little dinner-parties to the boys on leave, followed on by a dance to Jack May's famous band. Amongst those frequently noticed there, all of whom are assiduous dancers, are the Earl of Clancarty, Lord St. Germans, Sir John Grey, Count de Lucovich (whose wonderful parties are still fresh in our minds); also Lord Porchester, Gertie Millar, Mrs. Brownleigh, Lady Dorothy Mills, Lady Williams, Teddie Gerard, Beatrice Lillie (who, by the way, we are glad to hear has recovered from her somewhat serious fall in the Row), Nelson Keys, etc. Through the tact and consideration always shown to the members of his club, Mr. Jack May is, we may say, one of the most popular entertainers of the *haute monde* of Bohemia, and we may shake hands with him on the faultless way in which he has conducted his club throughout the war (and before)—no easy matter with the difficulties which we all know any entertainer for the benefit of the public must be faced with. Lord Athlumney has frequently shown his appreciation of the club by giving sanction to all officers in uniform to dance. After all, it does seem hard that those in uniform should have to stand by in masterly inactivity and watch their more fortunate brothers in mufti take the floor, and such a concession on the part of the Provost-Marshal is highly appreciated.



She: "Somebody says in the Times that chestnuts are the most nutritious and generally useful of all fruits."
He: "Then there's some good in revues after all."



The Jealous Lady in the background: "Just look at the queue! I wish I'd thought of coming as Butter."

"At a Sussex village dance one young lady appeared as 'Margarine.'"—*Daily Paper*.



By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

The Gentle Thief.

"The secretary reported that he had received a letter from a member in which she claimed that her ideas had been stolen. The committee instructed the secretary to write and state that further evidence must be forthcoming before any decision could be arrived at."

My dear unknown lady, I hope you will not misunderstand me when I say that that little paragraph caused me to laugh aloud. Believe me, I deeply sympathise. I can gauge to a nicety your righteous indignation, fanned by an exasperating sense of helplessness. Yet allow me to offer one grain of consolation. You will get used to it.

And don't be cross with the committee. The committee are not to blame. The silly state of the law is to blame. I once went to an eminent lawyer—all lawyers are eminent, are they not?—and explained to him, very calmly and lucidly, that the central situation of one of my plays had been lifted bodily, and fitted, with certain trappings, into a highly successful play of the moment. The eminent lawyer heard me out, very calmly, and then explained to me, very lucidly, that anybody may steal the scene of a play provided they do not steal the whole play.

We were both quite dispassionate about the matter.

"Is that the law?" said I.

"It is," said he.

"Then the law's idiotic," said I.

"Possibly," said he, rather complimented.

And His Joyous Career.

Since that occasion, my dear unknown lady, the same thing, or something like it, has happened over and over again. One play of mine, butchered in the production, provided material for no less than three highly successful plays. That is where the harness rubs. Mr. Anthony Hope, probably, does not

care a jot how many people steal his Ruritania, because he had a jolly good run out of it first. But if he had invented Ruritania, as he did, and it had *not* brought him a fortune, but had brought fortunes to his imitators, that would have called for all the philosophic complacency he could lay his mind on.

Your thief, you see, is nearly always successful. "The unrighteous flourish like a green bay-tree." It was so in the time of the Psalmist, who was never weary of making a song about it, and it is so to-day. It is for you to decide whether you wish to continue as a snowdrop or to give an imitation of a green bay-tree.

No, I am wrong. You cannot decide. You cannot turn thief in order to revenge yourself upon society and flourish like other thieves. The successful thief, I believe, is born, not made. You might, for a time, succeed in looking like a green bay-tree; but there would be no sap in your branches, and your leaves would soon wither.

I advise you to go on as a snowdrop. Some day, perhaps, even in our time, there may be a boom in snowdrops. Who can tell?

"No Copyright in Ideas."

We have all heard, a thousand times, that there is no copyright in ideas. This is not a truism, or a legal ineptitude; it is a psychological prevision. You may get an idea this very morning of the most startling brilliancy and originality. You may nurse it in your brain, and seal your lips in case it should escape by that dangerous channel. No good. It has already escaped. An idea, once born, refuses to be imprisoned. It sails out into the world, reproduces itself in a thousand brains, and too often becomes vulgarised out of all recognition by the time it assumes some concrete shape.

Take the idea of the communal kitchen. In how many brains did that idea spring to birth on the outbreak of war? Mine, I know, was one. I implored the authorities, in fervid phrases, to establish communal kitchens at once. I pointed out the vital necessity of saving coal, and food, and labour. I tried to get a certain number of my friends, in the region where I dwelt, to club together and establish a communal dinner-table.

Within the surprisingly short time of three-and-a-half years the official mind has grasped the idea. The official mind is turning it over. The official mind is rather tickled with the thought. The official mind is almost ready to have a shot at the communal kitchen. I should not be surprised if we lived to see the communal kitchen an established fact. The war may be over, but there the kitchen will be.

Regarding the Official Mind.

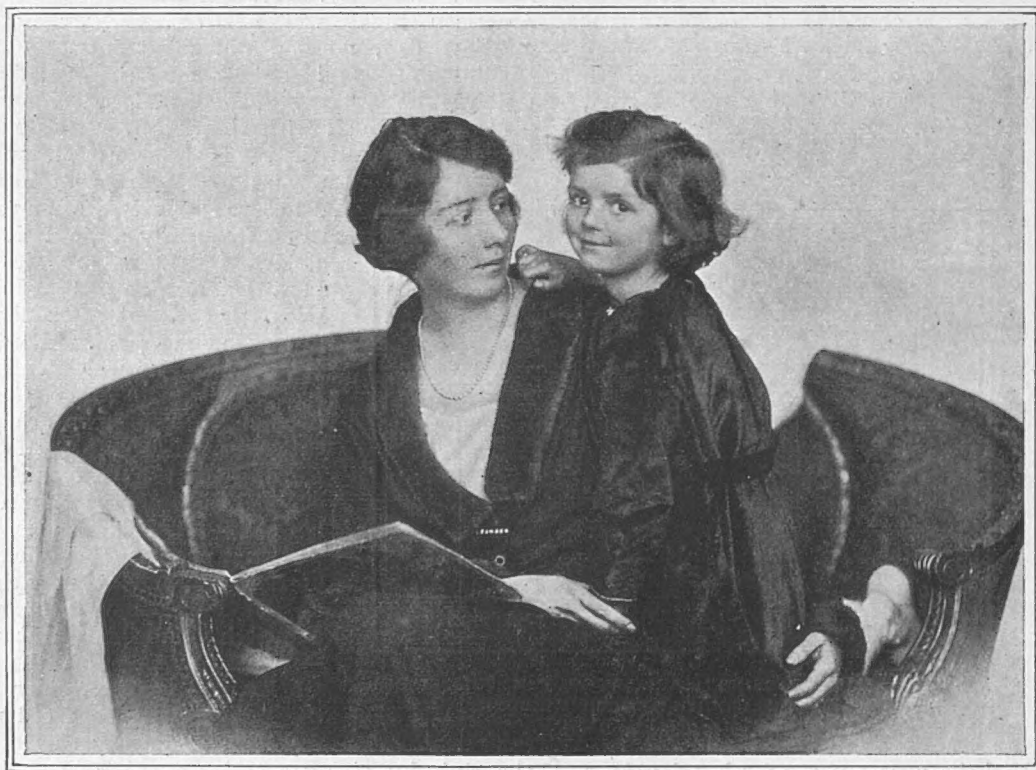
Some people hold that the official mind works slowly. I do not agree. The official mind is not quite understood. The official mind is not in the same case as the private mind. The private mind is concerned with this war and the best way of bringing it to a successful conclusion. The official mind is grappling with the problems, not of

this war, but of the next. That is why it seems to some people to work slowly.

In the next war, for example, the official mind will see to it that the distribution of food is professional and not amateur. Take, for example, the popular question of meat. In this war, you go to your butcher with your little book of coupons, and you ask for a piece of meat, and the butcher does his best to oblige you in the matter. He is an old friend, and he tries to consider your known taste. You explain, and he listens, and the queue gets longer and longer.

In the next war, that will not happen. The official mind, which sees quite clearly the stupidity of the present system, will distribute the meat free of charge. It will commandeer all the supplies on the outbreak of war, set up distributing depots, and you will get your meat automatically in exchange for your coupons. There will be no waiting, no haggling, no profiteering, no injustice. All will be served, and all will be served alike.

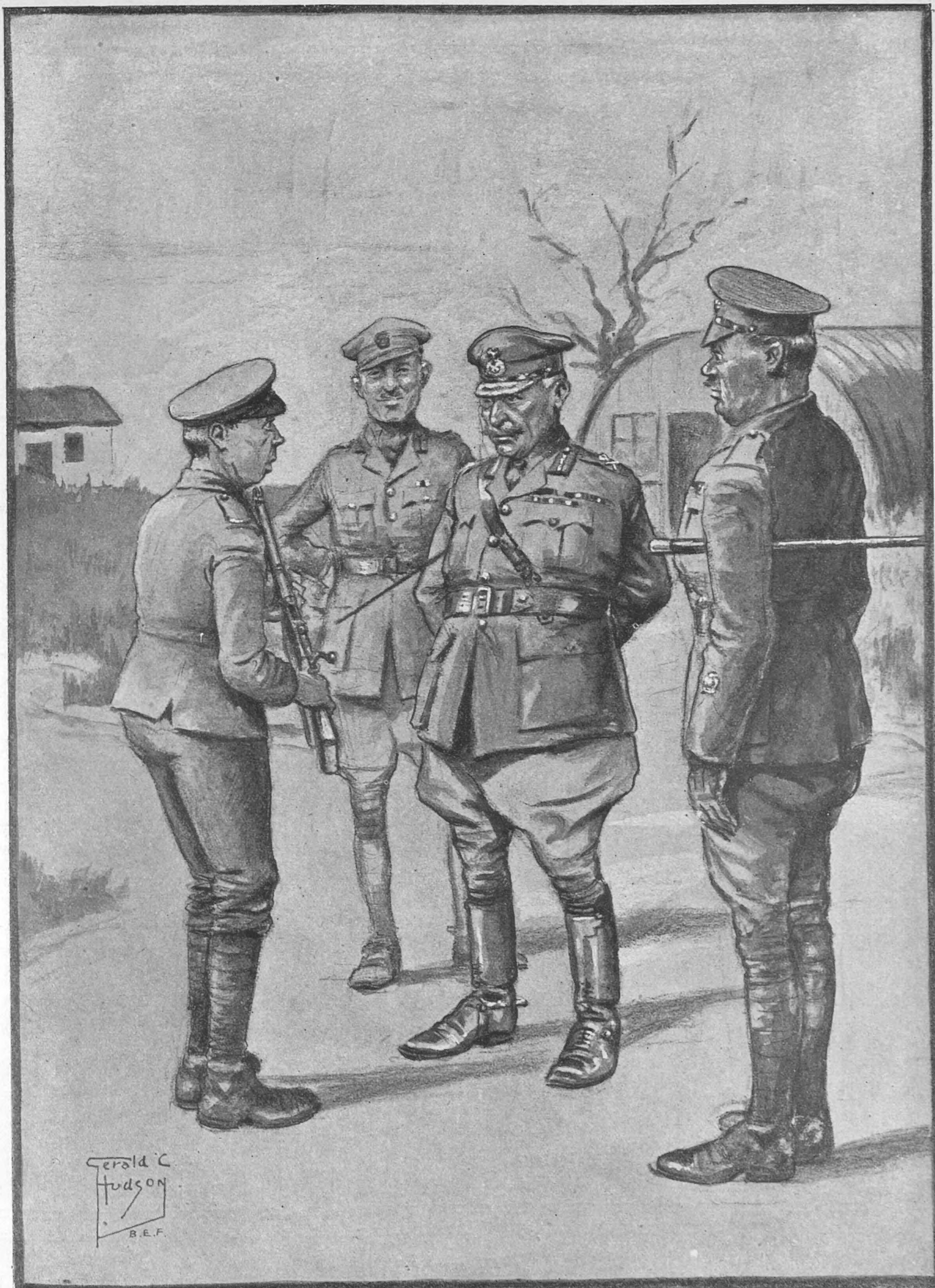
Well, you could hardly expect that to happen in a short war like this!



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: LADY ROSABELLE BRAND AND MISS ROSE BINGHAM.

Lady Rosabelle, daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, married, first (in 1912) Lieutenant David Bingham, a relative of the Earl of Lucan, and their daughter Rose was born the next year. Lieutenant Bingham (Coldstream Guards) was killed in action in 1914. Two years later his widow married Captain J. C. Brand (also of the Coldstream Guards), who is related to Viscount Hampden. [Photograph by Swaine.]

HIS "POP" GUN.



THE GENERAL (*making an impromptu rifle inspection*): How many rounds will your rifle hold, my man?

THOMAS (*a very new recruit, and nervous at that*): Nine in the gutter and one up the spout.

DRAWN BY GERALD C. HUDSON.

THE ASQUITH-POLLOCK WEDDING, AT ST. MARGARET



AT THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN CYRIL ASQUITH AND MISS ANNE POLLOCK: BRIDESMAIDS—AND THE BRIDEGROOM.

The wedding of Captain Cyril Asquith, London Regiment (son of the ex-Premier by his first wife) and Miss Anne Pollock, daughter of Mr. Adrian Pollock (the City Chamberlain) and the Hon. Mrs. Pollock, and a granddaughter of the first Viscount Selby, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. The bridesmaids were Miss Elizabeth Pollock, sister of the bride; Miss Elizabeth Asquith, sister of the bridegroom; Lady Joan Capell; the Hon. Phyllis Goschen; Miss Gladys Scully; Miss

Photograph

WESTMINSTER: BRIDE; BRIDEGROOM; AND BRIDESMAIDS.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN CYRIL ASQUITH, LONDON REGIMENT: MISS ANNE POLLOCK, IN HER WEDDING-DRESS.

Barbara Lutyens; and the little Misses Ann Charteris and Jeanne Du Maurier. Mr. David Davies was the best man. The Bishop of Southwark and the Rev. H. F. Westlake officiated. Among the congregation were: Mr. and Mrs. Asquith; the Hon. Mrs. Pollock; Lady Bonham-Carter; Mr. H. J. Tennant; General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C.; Admiral Lord Jellicoe and Lady Jellicoe; Lord and Lady d'Abernon; Lord Glenconner; Viscountess Cranborne; and the Marquis de Soveral.



SAMMY S'AMUSE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

EVERE modern! Overheard this dialogue, showing slang at its newest, and the old, sweet, sisterly feeling of women towards each other—

HE. But surely Mrs. Smith-Something can't possibly have a son a Major in the Army! Why, she does not look a day older than thirty!

SHE. Thirty! Why, she is at *least* forty-five! But, of course, she is very *camouflée*!

Lord Lonsdale was one of the first landowners to employ women foresters. I hear they are now doing very well, and there are some four hundred members of the Women's Forestry Corps. A member tells me it is pretty heavy work for women, and only robust folk need hope to succeed at it.

Talking of Lord Lonsdale reminds me of a yarn I once heard. A poisonously rich person gave a dinner to which many eminent men were invited. Valuable presents were placed beside each cover, and the expressions of the different well-known men about the board who thus found themselves tipped with some expensive bauble were varied and amusing. Lord Lonsdale's manner was perfection—he took the whole thing as a jest. Sometimes I am glad there is a super-tax.

More shocks for warriors—when they come home. Not only do women smoke in the street, and when walking in and out of restaurants, but they have squatted fearlessly in those strict preserves of our men-folk the Service flats in Jermyn Street and St. James's. I have heard several wails from those whose native heath has been invaded.

One of those delicious spring days I met Lady Swaythling going down to her work at Harrod's, looking as bonnie and happy as if she were going to one of the concerts she loves instead of a store to sell War Savings certificates under Lady Rhondda's direction and to wrestle with change. She is one of the prettiest and most industrious women I know—an unusual combination; gets in a deal of committee work, being on seventeen committees. She usually visits her school for mothers at Southampton once a week, and yet manages to have one of the jolliest homes in London. On the way to Harrod's Lady Swaythling carried a small parcel for her big son, who is an officer in the Grenadiers and now in the trenches. By the way, her little daughter, the Hon. Joyce Montagu, has been helping at Queen Mary's League, and loved being of use—tacking together garments, etc.

Lady Swaythling's sister, Mrs. Guest, is just home on leave from the front. She has been behind the firing line in Belgium, organising infant welfare centres and feeding starving babies with the milk sent by Lady Swaythling. Mrs. Guest wears a decorative little bit of ribbon which shows Queen Elizabeth has given her the Queen of the Belgians' own war medal. The Duchesse de Vendôme and Princess Napoleon are among those who are intensely interested in this particular sort of war work, which is so necessary.

Under the mask of a Paris veil, heavily dotted with chenille spots I spied a pretty girl in Park Lane. She told me she is shortly going on a visit to various seaside towns playing the attractive grass-widow—in "Billeted"—and that she is starting a new hobby—chocolate-collecting! It is almost as exciting as the Caledonian Market. In some places there is not a chocolate to be had; in others, in the most innocent-looking shops, there is quite a store. No, she is not greedy; she is collecting the goodies to send to France, where, it seems, our soldier lads long for sweets. The masked lady—who was she? Why, Helen Morris, of course.

It is quite true that the nicest among us have a sneaking preference for the superfluous over the necessary. Somebody else besides Helen Morris had discovered the fact. Mr. Sexton, the genial proprietor of the West End Cinema, had some time ago the original and excellent idea of sending to the Tommies—guess what. No, not mufflers, nor mittens, nor Thermos flasks; but footballs, which were dropped from the skies (literally) into the trenches! The unexpected, when it is pleasant, is doubly pleasant for being unexpected.

Which reminds me, though you may not see the *rapport*, that, wandering amidst the White Sale's attractions this week, I was struck with the conservatism displayed in the pyjamas line. Whereas imagination, fantasy, *recherché* show themselves in the planning of amusing and coquettish undies of all descriptions, pyjamas remain of a tameness, of a sameness simply soporific. Stripes, stripes, and again stripes. It is perhaps that there is a stock of striped stuff that must be cleared off before anything else can be invented for the relief of the wearied wearer of pyjamas? If you must have designs on your sleeping suits, why stripes, and not stars, or spots, or spirals, or crescents, or squares, or checks, or flowers, or fishes, or birds?

Talking of birds and to fly from one subject to another, a little bird told me that he and other little birds of his acquaintance flew in daily and deadly fear of finding themselves on one famine day inside a pie. It was not a lark either, nor was it a partridge, nor a quail, but a blackbird—no wonder it looked black.

"There is no precedent for baked blackbirds," said I hopefully, "except in the nursery rhymes; and then did not you snap off somebody's nose for it?"

"There is no precedent," said the blackbird, very much ruffled; "but these are abnormal times. Why, I hear *economy* *cooking* being discussed in these Isles"—and the blackbird clattered sarcastically away.

Seeing that these are abnormal times, I wonder whether I should consider the following effusion from one of my readers as an invitation to "feed," as you say elegantly in English, or as a mere poetical licence—the song under the balcony stunt. The new food ticket means a new food etiquette, does it not? And so why should I not, some Lent day, lentilate and leguminise (home-grown words) with my inspired host? One fine Friday, my polite poet, we may yet meet (no; m-e-e-t, please, Miss Smith)—



"Woman foresters."

AN EVERLASTING MERCI.

(With thanks to John Masefield for the metre and approximate title.)

Much once I wished to learn: such as, Phrynnette,
If Nina's first embrace was long ago;
And who gave Joyce her new chin-chilla set;
And what Doreen's next dress will fail to show;
And where the Black-eyed Susans really grow;
And what some songs of Marie Lloyd could mean;
And what, at Luna's dance, Keith saw behind the screen.

And thus for hours; but I to-day reflect,
Upon your page my Muse has warbled twice
And, though some girls might sweets or scent expect,
Or Westward Hose, quite thin—though thick in price,
To give you such as these would not be nice;

"If you must have designs on your sleeping-suits—why not fishes?"

You do not know me, nor could I, Phrynnette,
Say, "Come to lunch"; we've not been introduced as yet.

I always dread another scene, the same
As when I took the Czech Marquise to dine,
I, like the omelette, *en surprise* became,
For then a Cossack, with his eyes ashine,
Came rushing in and shrieked: "Der lady's mine."

But who would say a gift of verse were wrong,
If even robins chirp their thanks for crumbs in song?

Thank you!

The new food orders are making life a little less agreeable; but we are not down-hearted. At lunch on Sunday at the Ritz I heard an elderly diplomat inquire gently of the waiter as he looked at his piece of bread: "I suppose you have not any butter, margarine, or lard?" He then applied himself with interest to his unadorned bread.

At a tea dance I met a number of our American friends who have just arrived in England on their way to share the scrap. Their expressions were most pleasing—audible and otherwise—and I was glad I understood some of them.

Those of my readers who know Paris will be amused at this little incident which happened to two Sammies in our capital. It was near the Trocadero (Paris, not Lyons!): the two American soldiers were looking around them in a nonplussed way, then consulting their guide-books, then questioning passers-by, who listened politely, but soon looked still more nonplussed than the Sammies. Three different "Sergots" (policemen) had already lost their Latin in their efforts to understand and help, when an exceptionally bright Boulevardier approached the two explorers. "Vous demandez, Messieurs?"

"The door of the woman who does not speak, please," answered

the Sammies in slow, but good French. Deep problem—unsolvable mystery! What was that door?—and was there ever such a woman? Then an idea of genius struck the bright specimen. Perhaps this was a literal translation of some "handy" manual, some new devilry of dialogue books? He fastened on the thumb of one of the Sammies, which thumb was guarding in a little red booklet the magical word, "La Mulette" (The Dumb Woman), which, as you know, is a district of Paris. The Bright Specimen gave a triumphant "Ah, bon!" and saw the Sammies safely in a tram-car. Taitbout—La Mulette.

As for the woman who does not speak, I doubt if they ever found her!

Mlle. Mistinguette, one of our revue queens in Paris, has come over here on a visit, the purpose of which, she said, was to buy frocks for the Casino de Paris Show. Paris coming to London for dresses, sounds rather the other way about, doesn't it? I have an idea that Mlle. Mistinguette meant specially stage shoes, cloth and leather restrictions being very strictly observed in France, I am told.

Well, London has displayed its versatile lure during Mlle. Mistinguette's stay—its famous fogs, its kaleidoscopic climates (if I may use the expression), and its round of raids. Mlle. Mistinguette will be able to compare raids with her Paris friends on her return.

The Paris authorities, I hear, are considering the safeguard of art treasures from the attacks of heavenly visitors.

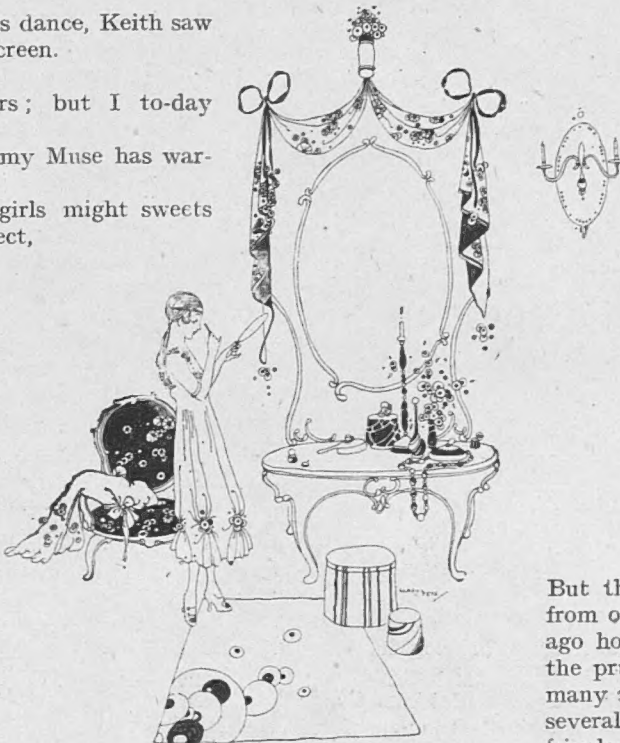
But there are other vandals than those from over the frontier. I read some time ago how France lost several Degas through the prudishness of his heirs. Among the many admirable works of the artist were several of a somewhat suggestive and frivolous character. Some sixty of them were frankly not meant to decorate the walls of a convent, but would have thrown into ecstasy art-lovers all over the wide world. But the heirs of Degas were watching jealously over the reputation (moral, not artistic) of their famous and defunct relative. They held a council between them, and decided that the name (their name) of Degas should go down to posterity in a state of perfect correctitude—and the provincial puritans simply made an *auto da fé* of the sixty works.

I took a flapper friend of mine to a matinée of "Love in a Cottage" for I had been delighted with the whole thing at the dress-rehearsal; but my flapper—suckled on Shaw and reared on Brioux—was critical. "Rather simple and old-fashioned, isn't it?" she pronounced—"and not particularly topical."

For which, many thanks. It is just because the play is all that that it pleases me. Something simple and stable in this wicked world of war, the calm lake of Como under the moon, what a rest!

As to being old-fashioned, what is more old-fashioned than love—one of the few fashions likely to last (in essence, I mean).

As for Miss Marie Löhr in her pastellised pink-and-blue frocks, my flapper was all admiration; while her acting, and that of the whole cast, actually won her praise. When sophisticated seventeen expresses her approval these days, what is there to add?



"Sophisticated seventeen."

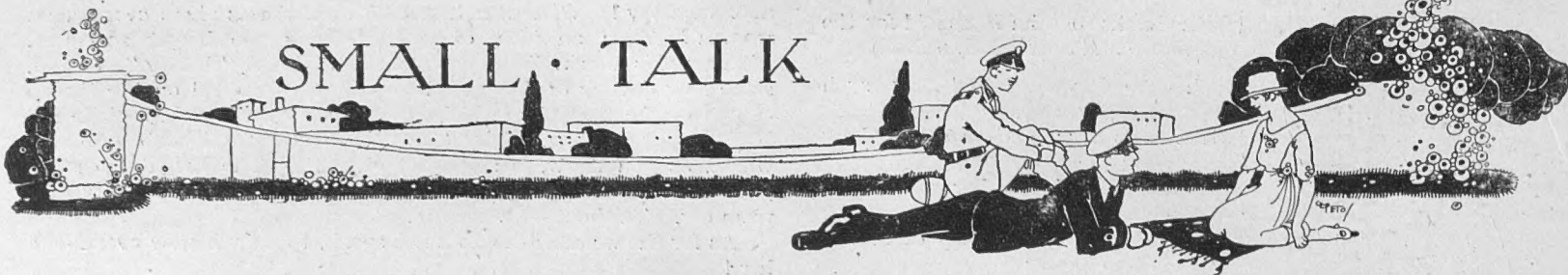


"He and other little birds flew in deadly fear of finding themselves inside a pie."



"Of a somewhat frivolous character."

SMALL TALK



A CROWD of political and social notabilities and a bevy of beautiful frocks contrived to impart a distinctly pre-war flavour to the Asquith-Pollock wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. Despite the recent influentially signed

appeal for economy in dress, women, I notice, are still susceptible to the wiles of fashion, though it is, of course, just possible that the presence of clinging, don't-try-me-too-high-or-I'll-split type of gown, in evidence on the occasion, was due, not to extravagance or an undue love of novelty,



A MARRIAGE ARRANGED FOR FEB. 18: LIEUT. ROBERT DICK SMITH CUNINGHAME, SCOTS GUARDS: MISS DORIS MELLES:

Lieut. Smith Cuninghame is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Smith Cuninghame, of Stratton, Godstone, Surrey. Miss Doris Melles is the youngest daughter of Mr. J. W. Melles, of Gmline, Mull, Argyllshire.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

but to a desire to utilise reserves hoarded since the end of 1914.

He Did Not Forget.

Lord Jellicoe, who announced himself as Sir John Jellicoe, had not, as some people thought for the moment, forgotten his recent honour. The late Chief of the Naval General Staff, though he is constantly referred to as Lord Jellicoe, remains plain "Sir" until his Majesty gives his formal approval to his new title.

He Knows.

Sir Aston Webb, who outlined a scheme for a more beautiful London in the future the other day, has a better claim than most to give an opinion on the subject. The capital, amongst other things, owes the Admiralty Arch at the east end of the Mall to his genius, though the beautification of Buckingham Palace, even when "camouflaged" by an entirely new front, was—some think—a task beyond his admittedly great powers. Improving London is a hobby of Sir Aston's. It is not so long since he argued against the expenditure by the South-Eastern Railway Company of a sum of money for the purpose of strengthening Charing Cross Bridge. The architect took the view that in such a case half-measures were not enough. The whole thing, in his opinion, wanted tackling after the war. Many Londoners agreed with him.

A Notable Diplomat.

There is a special note of tragedy in the death at a comparatively early age of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, late British Ambassador to Washington. He retired, in circumstances which could not be wholly pleasing to him, only a few weeks ago, when the Earl of Reading went out to the States as British High Commissioner. Sir Cecil was a man of great culture, and had a long record of public usefulness. Throughout the critical and trying period of American



ENGAGED TO FLIGHT-OBSERVER RUSSELL GOW, D.S.O., D.S.C.: MISS GLADYS HODGSON.

Miss Hodgson is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, of Westwood Hall, Beverley, Yorkshire. Flight-Observer Gow is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gow, of Druids Lodge, Hoylake, Cheshire.

Photograph by Vandyk.

neutrality his courtesy and plain sense were great assets to his country. He was often criticised for not becoming a professional propagandist; but he probably judged rightly in not emulating the efforts of Bernstorff, Dumba, and Dernburg. The Americans are a people who don't like being propagandised. Sir Cecil not only lived

in diplomacy, but married into it. His widow is the daughter of Sir Frank Lascelles, who long represented us at Berlin.

A Famous Editor.

Mr. H. A. Gwynne, who is associated, as editor of the *Morning Post*, with Colonel Repington's case, is better known in political society than in Fleet Street. He is, in fact, in no sense a newspaper man, and came in actual contact with a newspaper for the first time when he started to edit the *Standard*. Before, he had been travelling correspondent for Reuter's. It was largely through Mr. Chamberlain's influence that he was selected to inspire the policy of the *Standard* after it abandoned Free Trade. The two met in South Africa, and Chamberlain conceived a great respect for Mr. Gwynne's abilities and for his wholehearted Imperialism. There are few men better known in the inner world of politics, though, as an editor, he has adhered to the old tradition of anonymity.

The Rhondda Biscuit.

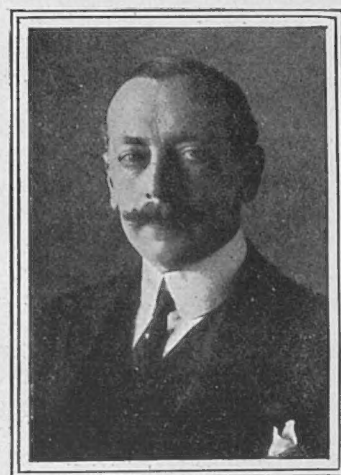
Lord Rhondda has a biscuit named after him. I can remember only one other man who has been thus honoured, and that was Garibaldi. The troops of that great man had often to travel very light, and, raisins and flour having great sustaining power, the two were combined in the form of a biscuit. In the English enthusiasm for things Garibaldian, this form of biscuit was adopted by Reading, and attained a popularity rivalled by few other varieties. It is curious that hero-worship has found so limited an outlet in this direction. A Huntley and Palmerston biscuit should surely have been obvious to the Victorian ancestors of the famous firm.

Abdul's Cats.

I note that Abdul, whom they used to call the Damned, was a great lover of animals, and had a multitude of cats; he would never permit any new arrival to be drowned, because of the injury to his tender feelings. Yet Abdul filled the Bosphorus with his victims, and murdered Armenians by the hundred thousand.

The oldest member of the House of Commons is still Young—Mr. Samuel Young, M.P. for the Eastern Division of County Cavan. He is only just ninety-six.

And yet there are unreasonable people who complain that the House is superannuated, and clamour for new blood. Why not make Mr. Young a Peer, so that, as an ardent Nationalist and Democrat, he might be a counterpoise in the House of Lords to that "antique bantam of the fighting breed"—the veteran Lord Halsbury.



THE MILITARY CRITIC OF THE "MORNING POST": COLONEL REPINGTON, C.M.G.

Colonel Charles A'Court Repington, the military critic, transferred his services from the "Times" to the "Morning Post" recently. In consequence of a recent article of his proceedings were taken against him under the Defence of the Realm Act, and were adjourned until February 21. He is an Etonian and an old Rifle Brigade officer, with war service in Afghanistan, the Sudan, and South Africa. He is also a Staff College graduate, and has had considerable experience, gained by personal observation, of the principal armies of Europe.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



ENGAGED: MISS WINIFRED M. WATTS.

Miss Watts is engaged to Lieut. W. V. Wakefield, Royal Warwick Regiment, the eldest son of Mrs. Wakefield, of Walsgrave Hall, Coventry. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Watts, of View Island, Caversham, Oxfordshire.—Miss Scott is engaged to Lieut. Douglas P. Middleton Phillips, Middlesex Regiment, and Machine-Gun Corps. She is the eldest daughter of the late Charles Cunningham Scott and Mrs. Scott, of Halkhill, Largs, Ayrshire.—[Photographs by Bassano and Swaine.]



ENGAGED: MISS JANET HAMILTON SCOTT.

ENGAGED : DUKE'S DAUGHTER AND WAR MINISTER'S BROTHER.



AN ENGAGEMENT IN THE PEERAGE : LADY MARY CRICHTON AND COLONEL THE HON ALGERNON STANLEY.

Lady Mary Crichton (formerly Lady Mary Grosvenor) is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. In 1903 she married the eldest son of the fourth Earl of Erne, Major Viscount Crichton, Household Cavalry, who was killed in action in 1914. Her son succeeded to the earldom

shortly afterwards, on the death of his grandfather. She has also a daughter, Lady Mary Kathleen Crichton, whose godmother is Queen Mary. Colonel Stanley, one of Lord Derby's six brothers, is in the Life Guards. He has served both in the present war and in South Africa.

Photographs by Rita Martin and Lafayette.



BATH had a little splash of colour on a very grey day when the Princess Beatrice (and how young we feel to greet her again in *Court Circulars* under her old name!) found a royal carriage, with the scarlet liveries, duly awaiting her arrival from London at the station. Bath was already very full before the Princess gave its healing springs this fresh advertisement. All the country houses round about are also very full. At Maiden Bradley the Duke of Somerset has quite recovered from his recent chill; and the Duchess Susan has been taking a holiday there after a strenuous time of war-work in town. The old furniture shops of Bath are quite as delightful as ever—but, alas! not the buns. And in an old book-shop the label "Bath and Wells" caught my eye, and suggested something about the Bishop. But no; it related only to a volume about one Meek, a bath-chairman, with a preface by Mr. Wells. "H. G." lives in Essex in a house that was formerly a rectory; hence letters addressed to him by local tradesmen "The Rev. H. G. Wells." Let him smile over a label momentarily associating him with the very Bench.

market my lyrics," said the most delightful of American poetesses to an English admirer, with no hint of the incongruous. The marriage market is, in fact, a place of fair exchanges; and the only Anglo-American disparity has hitherto been this—that, while America gave her daughters to English husbands, England gave very few of hers to America's marrying sons. But that balance is likely enough to be redressed; and the engagement of Captain Francis Thwing and Miss Minna Kerr promises to begin the process. Captain Thwing is the son of an American University President; and his future wife is a daughter of the late General Lord Ralph Kerr, taking her nice name, Minna, from a grandmother Duchess of Norfolk.

Eighty-two
Years Young.

Lord Brassey kept his eighty-second birthday amidst a heavy shower of congratulations. "The longer you live the more ties you accumulate," was the saying of a famous beau—as he handed over a hundred cravats to his valet. And so it is with ties of quite another sort, as Lord Brassey found in the presence of affectionate messages



OUR OPEN-AIR ROYAL FAMILY: THE MOST RECENT EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE FIVE ELDER CHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN.

From left to right are: Prince George, Prince Albert, Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Henry.—[Photograph by L.E.A.]

House and Home. In the days when jaunty Jim Lowther was Irish Secretary, Ireland was nicknamed the Lowther Arcadia—in play, of course, upon the Lowther Arcade, then a feature of the West Strand. And a scene in another sort of happy Lowther Arcadia presented itself in the House of Commons when Brigadier-General Lowther, in full uniform, bowed to his bewigged brother, the Speaker, called him "Sir," and assured him that he addressed him for the first time—officially. Members were hilarious, and even Lord Hugh Cecil smiled. And Lord Hugh and the Speaker have a family association too, the Speaker's wife being a daughter of Beresford Hope, who married Lady Mildred Cecil, Lord Hugh's aunt. Family relationships of the sort give a little much-needed salt to politics—that "dull trade," as "R.L.S." called it, practised at Westminster. When Mr. Austen Chamberlain referred to his father as "My Right Honourable Friend," everyone else felt friendly too, except Mr. Thomas Burt, who smilingly said that he trembled for his own status as the Father of the House of Commons.

The American Husband. The Duchess who once asked Oscar Wilde if there really are any American men is a rather hopeless back-number by now. We know the male Americans in their millions; and the fact of their becoming Londoners, even if only as birds-of-passage, will speedily make itself felt in that sensitive place, the marriage market. That last word carries no slur of squalor with it on American lips. "I can always

that outnumbered even his years. Lord Brassey's hair, one notices, no longer lives up to his name. Its yellow has gone white, and with no disparagement to his appearance. Let the Poet Laureate be comforted, who, when Sir William Watson referred in eulogistic verse to his "wintry hair," wrote: "If by 'wintry' you allude to a tree whose leaves are half gone you are right; but if you mean 'white' you are wrong, for I never had a grey hair on my head." Indeed, poets in general have a down on white hair, so that Andrew Lang, himself of the "brindled" locks that silvered so becomingly, congratulated his aunt, Mrs. Sellar, that Time had failed "to touch your tresses with the snow." As if snow was not one of the most beautiful things in creation—at least as beautiful as brass! Lord Brassey attributes his octogenarian efficiency to his long career in yachting. The *Sunbeam* is now given over to national uses; but its owner has its substitute—a rowing-boat on the Serpentine.

At Home
in Hospital.

We hear so often of the man being "hoist with his own petard"—a process, whatever it is, that sounds particularly punitive—so it is nice to know, on the contrary, that a man is sometimes blessed by his own unselfish benefactions. When Lady Carnarvon started her hospital in Bryanston Square she had no idea that one of her patients would be her husband. But so it has proved; and Lord Carnarvon has come through a very serious operation in a hospital which was also, by good luck he highly appreciated, his own home.

OF THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR: THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

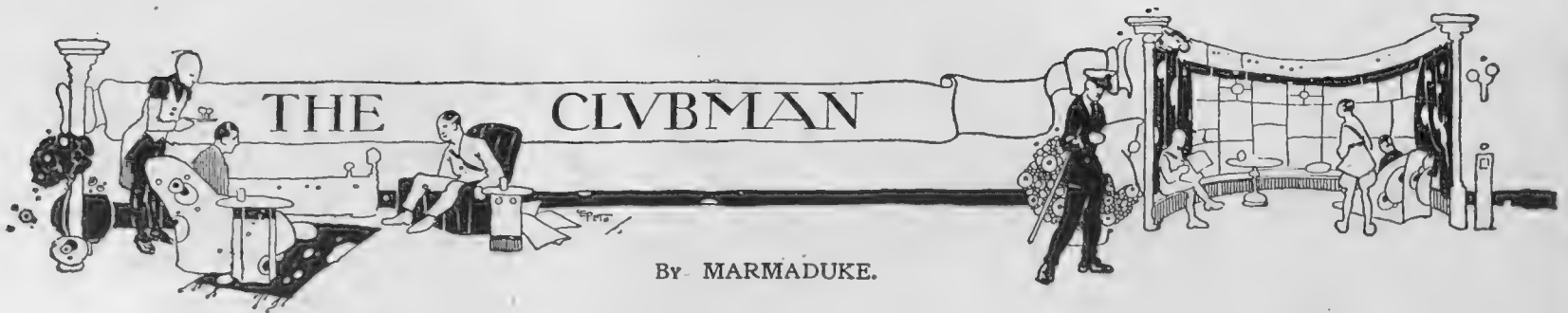


THE SONS AND DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN: THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THEIR MAJESTIES' CHILDREN.

In the Back Row, from left to right, are: Prince Albert (born 1895), the Prince of Wales (born 1894), and Prince Henry (born 1900); In Front, from left to right, are: Prince John (born 1905), Princess Mary (born 1897), and Prince George (born 1902). The Prince of Wales, it will be remembered, came home

on leave recently from the Italian front, where he won golden opinions, as he did before on the Western Front. He attended the Opening of Parliament last week. Prince Albert, who is in the Navy, served in the Battle of Jutland. Last November he was attached to a Royal Naval Air Station.

Photograph by L.E.I.



BY MARMADUKE.

SANDWICHED between Raids and Rations, the irrepressible gaiety of the English at home rivals that of the British soldier and sailor abroad: a remarkable instance of cheerful indifference to danger should be recorded, especially for reference by future historians. In one of the "air raids" last autumn, an informal after-dinner concert in Mayfair was disturbed by the firing of anti-aircraft guns. Unaffected by the interruption, the singer at the piano started at once "The Last Raid of Summer"—in imitation of the celebrated song—following with "Gotha, Don't Bother Me," an improvised parody upon "Shoo, Fly, Don't Bother Me," so popular in the 'sixties of last century. The "performance" closed with a variation of another well-known song of the past, "Very Ridiculous; Fickle Miss Nicholas," in allusion to the desertion of the Allies by Russia. There is reason, moreover, to believe that the "renderings" were inspirations of the moment.

It has been said "All men are grumblers, especially women"—an ungallant epigram coined by the author to whom is attributed the latest "phrase": "It is just to take the bearing-rein off woman; is it wise to remove the bridle?" The comparative absence of grumbling in England at the day is highly creditable to all—especially to the rich, for the changes arising from the rationing system and other necessary restrictions reverse their previous conditions almost completely. As there is the "hen-pecked" husband, so is there the pen-pecked man—whose craving to air his views in print compels him to "write to the newspapers" upon every occasion; to this source is to be traced much of the slight irritation expressed.

It is to be assumed mistakes were made by Noah at the Deluge, and that he did not escape criticism and abuse; only remembered now, however, is it that he steered the Ark through the prolonged storm, beached her out of reach of the Flood, and safely landed passengers, crew, and cargo alike. "Style—sound; judgment—unsound," is the malicious description of the characteristics of the critic. In their time, Shakespeare was to the "Reviewer" of the day "the poor poet-ape"; Dryden, "the poet-squab"; Massinger, "the sot"; Pope, "the empty flask"; Steele, "the twopenny author"; Wordsworth, "the blockhead"; and Tennyson, "School-miss Alfred"!

German Hordes and British Hoarders—the first slaughtering the British at the front; the last, starving them at home—is a disreputable combination. There is, however, some excuse for the ordinary hoarder; with him, the appetite is a form of lunacy. In 1759 there died the Rev. Mr. Stagemore, a clergyman of Calthorpe, Leicestershire—he was a bachelor to whose Vicarage were attached an acre or two of land; he kept a maid and a boy; and the whole fortune possessed by him at death barely amounted to seven hundred

pounds. The executors, nevertheless, found stocked at the Vicarage a hundred pairs of trousers, four hundred pairs of boots and shoes, eighty wagons and carts, fifty saddles—though Mr. Stagemore kept but a grey mare—eighty ploughs, two hundred spades, seventy-five ladders, and a mass of property of a kind altogether useless to him in the circumstances. Within the past ten years there have died two art-collectors, moreover, surrounded with treasures most of which had never been unpacked!

In consequence of the shortage of food, it is suggested that the City of London Corporation should preserve game in the London parks; it may assist the Corporation to read the following paragraph, quoted from the *St. James's Chronicle* of June 6, 1826: "It should be more generally known that game of every description abounds in the Regent's Park; hares, pheasants, partridges, and rabbits may be seen there daily in the hundreds, and in every part of the Park."

Colonial officers and men passing through London frequently express astonishment at the number of unexpected birds to be seen here. Herons come continually from the heronry at Richmond Park to fish in the lake at Buckingham Palace or in other more or less secluded sheets of water in the suburbs. Owls hoot at night in the Temple Gardens; for several years past magpies have established themselves in the Green Park; and it is upon record that the hawk has perched upon Westminster Abbey and the Dome of St. Paul's. The nightingale sings on Putney Hill; and, in an especially severe winter in the late 'seventies, an exhausted grouse dropped in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly.



THE CAPTOR OF JERUSALEM HONOURED AT CAIRO: GENERAL ALLENBY'S ARRIVAL AT CAIRO RAILWAY STATION—GREETING LADY ALLENBY.

General Allenby paid his first official visit to Cairo in January, arriving from the Palestine front. At the railway station to meet him were Lady Allenby, Sir Reginald Wingate, representatives of the Sultan, the Egyptian Ministers, and all the high dignitaries. The General's drive through the crowded streets to lunch at the Abdin Palace with the Sultan was one continuous ovation.—[Photograph by C.N.]

of the sort has been common in England for centuries. Over a hundred years ago the effects of an Earl of Arran were dispersed at auction in London, amongst them being gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Thomas Denny, mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Lady Denny, and a scarf given by Charles I. to another member of the family. The library formerly belonging to Napoleon Buonaparte was sold by Mr. Sotheby, in Wellington Street, in July 1823. Especially interesting, however, is the following advertisement quoted from an old newspaper: "QUEEN ANNE'S FURNITURE—To be disposed of, by private contract, the following articles originally the property of Queen Anne, many being marked with the cypher of Her Majesty. The collection consists of beautiful china, a curious timepiece, a cabinet and couch, a portrait of Queen Anne in her infancy, a chest-of-drawers covered with red morocco, travelling trunks, etc. Applications to be addressed to Mr. Grubb, Little Addington, near Thrapstone, Northamptonshire."

Several royal "relics" have been given for the approaching sale at Christie's in aid of the Red Cross Fund—the sale of historical objects

MASBADGES ! REGIMENTAL MASCOTS AND BADGES IN ONE !



XI.—THE JELLAPHANT (SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY).

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEE.



XII.—THE SWABBIT (SOUTH WALES BORDERERS).



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK



IT is a relief to escape from the war and find forgetfulness of it for a while back. "In the Days of Victoria" with Thomas Plowman. He was born in 1844 at Oxford, where his father was a bookseller; as a boy he went to London to the Great Exhibition; and, later, he came in touch with Charles Reade, Dickens, and Thackeray, and throws new light on Thackeray's experiences as a Parliamentary candidate. His diversified career as a librarian, playwright, journalist, agricultural secretary, brought him into all sorts of society; and his recollections were well worth recording.

Or you may go farther back and find the same forgetfulness in Rafael Sabatini's "Historical Nights' Entertainment," for here he has chosen thirteen of the glamorous or bizarre romances of old time, beginning with Mary Queen of Scots, and the murders of Rizzio and Darnley—old true tales of love, intrigue, witchcraft, rebellion, chivalry, assassination, and rascality that are full of colour and drama, and gain a heightened fascination from the skill and imaginative insight with which he cunningly reconstructs them.

But, after all, we can't keep away from the war for long; there is something of it in every other book that I have read this week. It is the all-absorbing theme of the story Warwick Deeping tells in "Valour," which takes you out, where Deeping himself has been, into the fighting at Gallipoli and in France; and its coming shadow is over the closing pages of Horace Bleackley's "His Job." Pierce Hammersley and Ronald Egerton, the heroes of these two stories, have a good deal in common with each other. Each is, at the outset, a stiff-necked individualist, proud, self-conscious, with no notion of subordinating his own will to the will of others, and a strong objection to sacrificing his pride to the common good. In that spirit Pierce obtains a commission and goes into the war; and in that spirit he comes out of it, dismissed from the Army, disgraced for apparent cowardice and refusal to obey the orders of a martinet Colonel. But he is no coward, and it is the sight of what his shame means to his father (a delightfully drawn character) and to the girl who loves him that opens his eyes to his selfishness and brings him to a realisation that, especially in such times as these, no man can live wholly to himself, but, for decency's sake, must subdue himself to sharing the general lot of his people. So awakened, he rejoins as a private and makes good. The war pictures are unflinchingly realistic; but it is also one of the most charming of love romances.

Ronald Egerton, of "His Job," is not so lucky in his love. He is separated from Maggie Barlow by the small snobbery of his father, who objects to his marrying beneath him, and by the smaller snobbery of hers, who won't let her marry out of her class; then she goes off on her own and marries a much more aristocratic young man than Ronald, who takes his disappointment badly. He makes a man of himself, however, by throwing all his energies into the

business life he had detested; and in the end, on his father's death recognises that he has duties to the workmen who have built up this big industry for himself and his forebears, and that it is his job to go on running the Dye Works and not sell them to a soulless syndicate. A clever, well-written book, and a thoroughly interesting one.

I confess to a special weakness for a sensational story that is really ingenious as well as exciting, and "The Amaranth Club" is that. Its period is just before the war, and it is concerned with the daring operations of a German secret service organisation in the heart of London. There is no lack of mystery, nor of surprise—not the least of them being the appearance, at a critical moment, of Mr. Asquith, who is largely responsible for a highly successful wind-up. He didn't wait and see that time, anyhow.

If the chief end of literature is to give pleasure—and, of course, it is—then Nat Gould has got right there; he is, in his own language, first past the post, and most of the rest are comparatively nowhere.

Superior persons, who have increased the height of their brows by trying to understand the subtleties and involutions of Henry James, disapprove of Nat Gould's style, and I'm not going to defend it. It is a breezy, breathless style that has no patience with commas, full-stops, and other little matters of that kind. For instance, in "A Rider in Khaki" he explains that Alan Chesney is the son of a wealthy brewer, and says, "It was a disappointment to his father when Alan elected to go into the Army, but as he was bent on it he gave way on condition he resigned his commission when he died and became the head of the firm." Yet, why not? Don't they say good Americans go to Paris? And a man, on his decease, might go to worse places than a brewery. Again, when he describes pretty Jane Trush, and proceeds, in his refreshingly headlong fashion, to refer to her brown frock "which matched the colour of her hair, she had no hat, and its luxurious growth added to her rather refined rustic beauty," if you were a Henry James student you might start wondering how a hat she hadn't got on, but had apparently left growing at home, could have that effect on her personal appearance. But if you like Nat Gould you go straight ahead over such trifles without bumping; you guess what he means. His standard recipe for a good tale is: Plenty of horse-racing, square or crooked, seasoned with other sports, and enough love-making to colour it; then add a mystery and some wickedness—which in his new volume takes the shape of a German spy.

WORKING FOR THE RED CROSS: MRS. ROBERT FENTON MELLOR.

Mrs. Mellor is the wife of Captain R. Fenton Mellor, who is now serving abroad. He also fought through the South African War. Mrs. Mellor has been working at a Red Cross depot since the war began.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

BOOKS TO READ.

- In the Days of Victoria. By Thomas F. Plowman. (John Lane.)
 The Historical Nights' Entertainment. By Rafael Sabatini. (Martin Secker.)
 Valour. By Warwick Deeping. (Cassell.)
 His Job. By Horace Bleackley. (John Lane.)
 The Amaranth Club. By J. S. Fletcher. (Ward Lock.)
 The Rider in Khaki. By Nat Gould. (John Long.)
 More Songs by the Fighting Men. (Erskine Macdonald.)
 The Lyceum Book of War Verse. Edited by Alys Eyre Macklin. (Erskine Macdonald.)
 Martie the Unconquered. By Kathleen Norris. (John Murray.)
 On Etna: A Story of Brigand Life. By Norma L-rimer. (Stanley Paul.)



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Sir Vincent and Lady Caillard opened their country seat, Wingfield House, near Trowbridge, Wilts, as a Red Cross Hospital with 17 beds on Oct. 9, 1914. Soon afterwards it became a Red Cross Auxiliary Military Hospital, with Lady Caillard (seen on the left) as Commandant, and her only daughter, Miss Esmah Caillard (right) as Staff Sister. There are now 40 beds, and over 400 patients have passed through the hospital.



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TOPICS OF THE TIME



YOU and I have been rather curious about our neighbours lately. And on the last day of Lord Rhondda's grace to "innocent" hoarders we were very curious indeed. Conscience always cuts things fine, and we were perfectly certain that that would be the day chosen by the woman next door—I think we call her *that* woman, don't we?—for rendering unto Rhondda the things that are Rhondda's!

Accordingly, we kept watch through the crochet-lace insertion of the curtains, and thought the luggage she was taking for her week in the country with her sister seemed rather more and rather heavier than usual!

Tell me, Mrs. Next-Door Woman, frankly let the truth be known (after all, to err is human, and in this you're not alone!)—was that merely millinery in that box so hard to lift? Or was there an odour very like the grocer's, if we'd sniffed?

Tell me what they were you carried in that weighted wicker-case? Were they truly—I am married—dainty articles of lace? Were they undies 'cute and curious for a seaside day or two? Or provisions too luxurious for another Rhonddalous?

Meaning well for the race, my morning newspaper tells me, in an article on the disappearance of the "coddle" that there is not a man to-day who would not feel insulted at being offered a hot-water bottle for his bed at night.

My Hot-Water Bottle, they say I no longer your services need at the foot of my bed. If only I felt just a little bit stronger, I think I'd be punching that newspaper's "Ed."! It shows what our friends of the Press know about it, to say that your warmth is no more in request! I wouldn't in weather like this do without it—I wouldn't, indeed, for a sack of "the best"!

Awake, I adore the sensation of trying how long on my toes I can suffer the heat! Asleep, it is lovely to dream I am lying in Paradise Found, with the Sun at my feet!

Interesting news is to hand from Professor Sylvanus Thompson for persons whose watches are addicted to the most unmilitary habit of ceasing to mark time. Our distinguished electrician says that the

trouble is frequently due to the wearer being a fidget, and thus generating a small amount of frictional electricity at high tension, which might at times magnetise the spring of the balance, and so stop the machinery.

I had a watch, a perfect treat, which bore the best of names. It was not "up to small deceit or any sinful games." Until between two ladies fair I sat me in a train they didn't know was going there, or coming back again!



THE W.A.A.C. EXHIBITION: DRESSING RECRUITS.

The "Women's Army Auxiliary Corps" War Service Exhibition at Harrod's has enlisted wide interest, Princess Arthur of Connaught officiating as opener. Our photograph shows the dressing of recruits. In it are seen (from left to right) Mrs. Franklin Gildea, Mrs. Croxon (organiser of the Exhibition), and Miss Chippendale.

Photograph by Sport and General.

I had a watch, a perfect "find," the best of names it bore. It never, never lagged behind, or galloped on before. Until I went and backed a crock one morning for a place, and wouldn't know till five o'clock what horse had won the race!

I had a watch, a perfect pet; of names it bore the best. It never cost me one regret, one moment of unrest. A resonantly rhythmic swing was marked by steady ticks—until the day I lent the thing to Mr. Seymour Hicks!

A few more days, and we shall be tackling patriotically and good-humouredly, if a little perplexedly at first, the problem of a pound of meat a week. Those with a sense of proportion will have the easier time in this great experiment, because it is always in their minds what a luxurious existence theirs is compared with that of our brave chaps yonder, who eat and drink under fire.

When things are at their tightest squeeze, I'm going to shut my eyes and dream I'm in the Cheshire Cheese with steak-and-kidney pies. In fancy I will eat no end, like any pre-war glutton; and then upon my way I'll wend to Simpson's famous mutton.

Another day I'll have my fill (in fancy still) at Verrey's; or go to Birch's in Cornhill for turtle-soup and sherries. And though my waking conscience bows to Yapp (who has my greetings), in dreams I'm oystering at Gow's, or sandwiching at Sweeting's!

Imagination, too, shall point to Scott's, near Piccadilly; and there I'll make the special joint look absolutely silly. A Daniel Lambert in my dreams, I'm Gringoire out of slumber, and ready to support the schemes of thrift to any number!

THOUGHT FOR NEXT MONDAY.

It is the age of all ages for substitutes and makeshifts, and our girls are beginning to look with favour even upon mutton-chop whiskers!

A. B. M.



A CLUB FOR WOMEN LAND-WORKERS: A GROUP OF LADIES INTERESTED IN THE MOVEMENT.

The growing army of ladies working on the land has led to the establishment of a Club, at 51, Upper Baker Street, W. It was opened, on Feb. 7, by Mrs. Rowland Prothero, wife of Mr. Rowland Prothero, M.P., President of the Board of Agriculture. The Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor is seen on the left of our photograph, holding a muff; next to her is Mrs. Prothero; and next but one, also holding a muff, is Lady Lionel Phillips, of Tynley Hall, Winchfield.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

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Try this simple experiment and prove the truth underlying this new method. Stand in front of your mirror and, with the finger tips, smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what

a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day without the least inconvenience.

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Nose, Turned-up Nose, &c.
Red Nose Blotches

Baggy Chin
Flabby Neck
Fallen, Bulging Eyebrows
Hollow Cheeks
Imperfect Facial Contour
Sickly, Sallow Skin
Unrefined Complexion
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Sagging Cheeks, or Face
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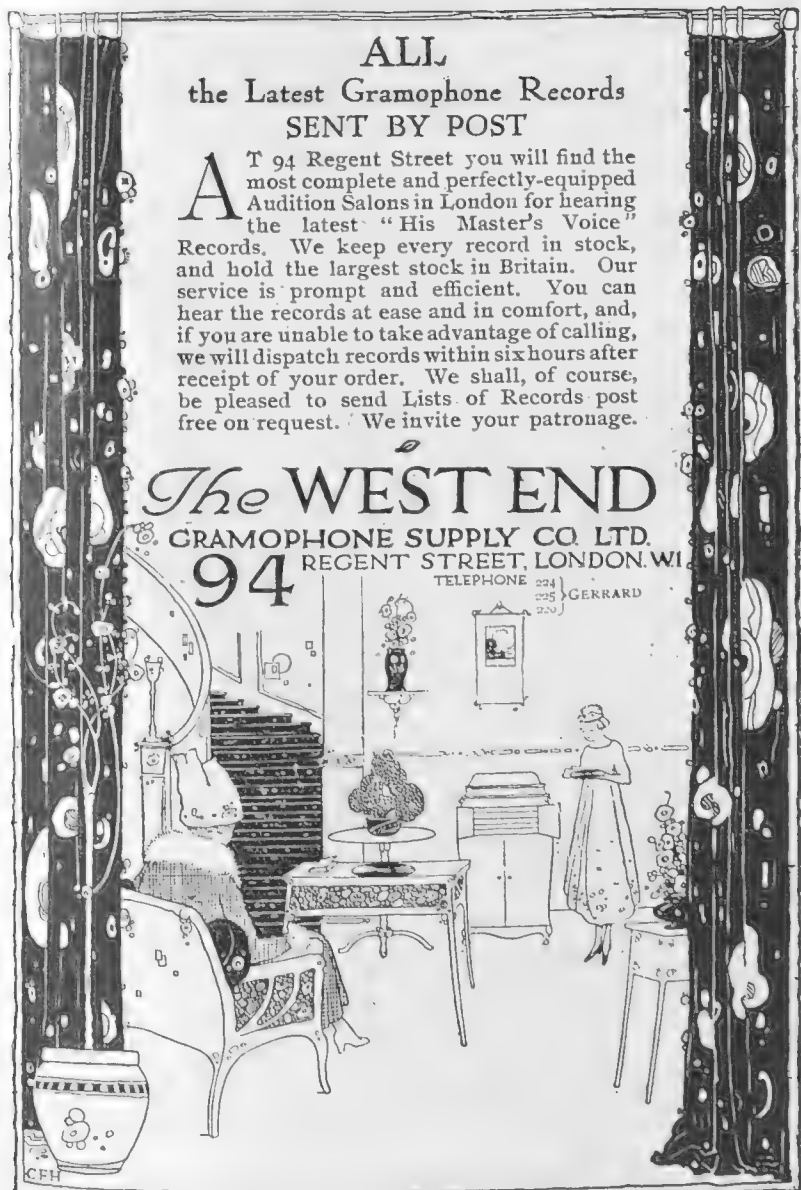
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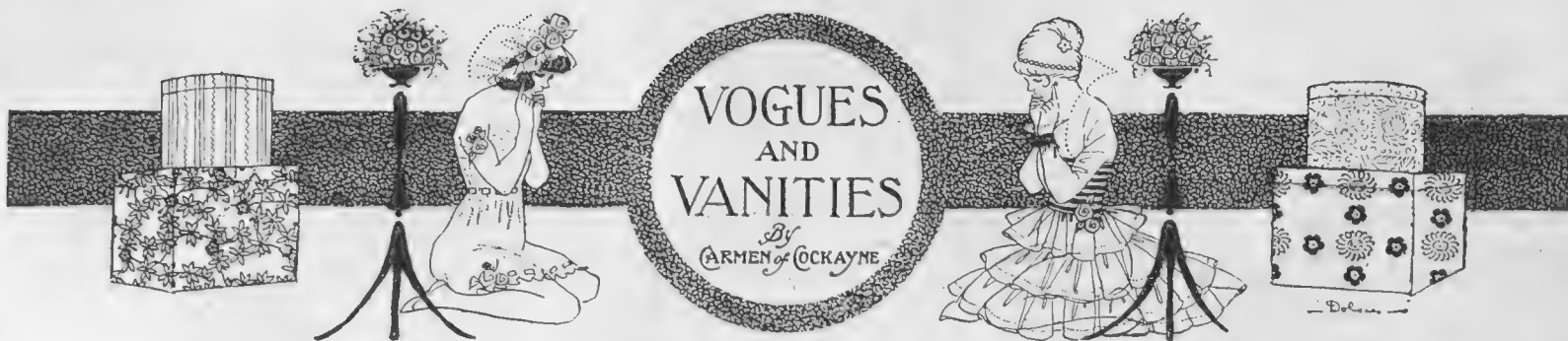
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Short Boots by Order.

Curtailed boot-tops are now the order of the day. Strictly speaking, they have not yet become the order of fashion. There are still plenty of feet walking about in boots whose uppers are lost to view at a height some appreciable number of inches above the regulation level. This doesn't mean that women are ignoring the Government order, but simply that they have resolved to wear out their old boots sooner than waste them, and so incur the reproach of extravagance.

The Height of Fashion.

But the man who can curb Fashion has yet to be discovered. Foiled in one direction, she has simply flown to the other extreme, and not a few of the new spring hats take a high place in the world. The brim is, in more senses than one, a minor affair. It varies from half-an-inch to almost half-a-dozen; but the crown's the thing by which to measure a woman's smartness and the ingenuity of the artist who originally built it. Fashion being largely a matter of effect, it is open to the maker of hats to produce the right one in any way he pleases. A few of the most becoming methods of arriving at the model that meets the modistic requirements of the moment can be seen at Charles Lee's, in Wigmore Street, where Dolores sketched those shown on this page.

Something to Look Forward to.

Food economists and others have more than once assured us that, though things have not been very comfortable lately, "the worst is yet to come." There's some consolation—to women, at any rate—in knowing that they can meet whatever is in store becomingly frocked and hatted, even if unfeeling authority does decree that boots and shoes shall conform to a standard that sets utility before beauty. Fashion has contributed more than one weapon towards the winning of the war, and the hat that cheers must now be added to the list.

However black the circumstances, it would scarcely be possible to put other than a cheerful face upon them in a high-crowned affair of deep amethyst-coloured pedal straw encircled with a couple of rather wide bands of Chinese-blue ribbon. Theoretically, black is mournful, though there are occasions—as a pert toque of mingled liseré and charmeuse shows—when a twirl of the materials to produce a wing effect and a couple of cut-jet hat-pins combine to bring about an exactly opposite result. There are infinite possibilities, too, about the soft chrysanthemum straw that almost obviates the necessity for

Sea-fox for the spring suit is something every woman wants.

trimming except such as is supplied by two large oxydised silver pins.

Saving on the Trimming.

Talking of trimming, there is every evidence that the people who designed that which women will soon be wearing had an eye to economy as well as effect. After all, the use of one or two—or even three—pins with brightly coloured bone heads can hardly be classed under the head of extravagance, though, given good taste, a great

deal can be accomplished by enlisting their services. For the moment the conventional flower has disappeared. Its war-time substitute is made of straw—of brightly coloured straw, for there is a distinctly cheerful note about the spring millinery which is immensely welcome after the sober modes of the winter that is fast being left behind.

Beauty and Berries.

A favourite decorative device of the moment is a bunch of coloured berries and leaves placed flat at intervals round the crown or brim of a hat. The berries are of dyed straw, so are the leaves, and as an effective millinery device they are not likely to end with the war. This particular type of trimming can be exchanged for flowers of any coloured straw the wearer may happen to fancy, for motifs, or wings—since fashion, being, after all, for the million, caters for every possible variety of taste.

Furs for the Spring.

Though winter may be passing, a woman still clings to her furs. Clothes, except in so far as mere style goes, are no longer a matter of the calendar or thermometer. You may wear serge in July and chiffon in December; and, if your own comfort does not suffer, the affair is nobody's business but your own. Much the same applies to fur, which, from being a purely winter accessory, has developed into one for use all the year round. Of course, there are certain rules that must be observed. Obviously, a fur coat is out of place on a hot summer's day, when a white fox fur is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary, if one wants to cut the fashionable ice. The time for the heavy stoles and cape wraps of winter is rapidly drawing to an end. Instead, the modish woman looks for a collar of dyed lynx, a light one-skin stole of silver fox of the quality that only Mr. Lee seems able to secure, or a set of exquisite sable, which can make a woman as well as her toilette.

A Word on Frocks. But hats and furs, important as they are, are not more important than the gowns they accompany.

There was a rumour that the coat-frock was to "go out." It remains, however, as strongly entrenched as ever, and appears in all sorts of new and fascinating forms. Its slender appearance is mainly on the surface. Though every woman must look thin, she need not of necessity sacrifice her comfort. Draperies, apparently placed for the purpose of impeding free movement, not seldom give additional width where it is most needed. There are pleats which, despite their closely pressed appearance, yield to every movement of the wearer, and floating panels that conceal secret devices especially designed to ensure the comfort that no woman is prepared to give up.



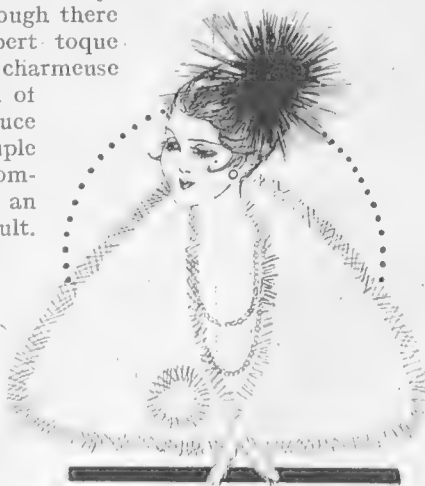
One coloured hat-pin for economy as well as for elegance.



White Bangkok straw looks all the better when trimmed with black osprey.



The best of a high white fur collar is that you need not "give away" everything at once.



Pearls for decoration, and white fox for warmth; and what more can any woman want?



It just shows that there is no height to which Fashion won't go when she so chooses.

How do you write?

WHATEVER your style of handwriting you can have a "Swan" which will suit you better than any other pen you are using. After a little time it will not be merely a pen but rather *your* pen—a necessary personal belonging. It will write with the same even touch and smoothness every day of the year. If you have not a "Swan" you need one.

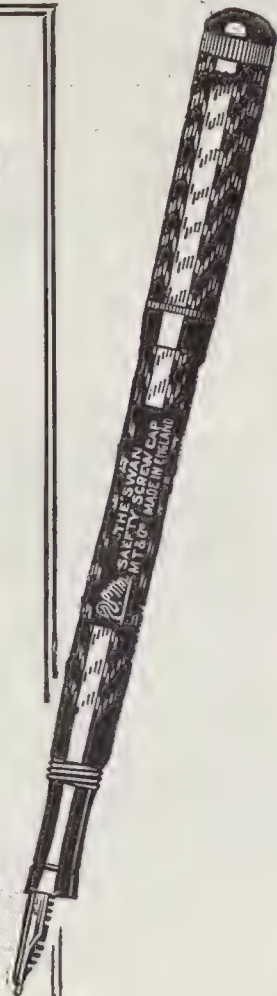
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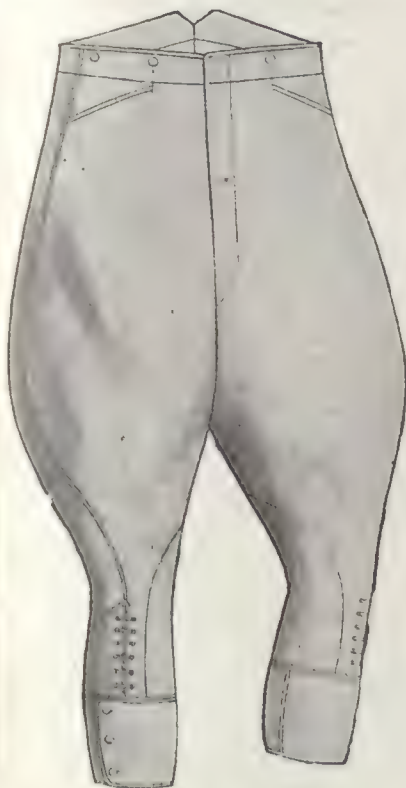
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Smartly cut and Well-
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Linen, plain Back, Full
Fronts, finished with Pockets,
and Small Turn-back Cuffs.

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N 37. Heavy Ivory Crêpe
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Blanket-stitch of Nattier Blue,
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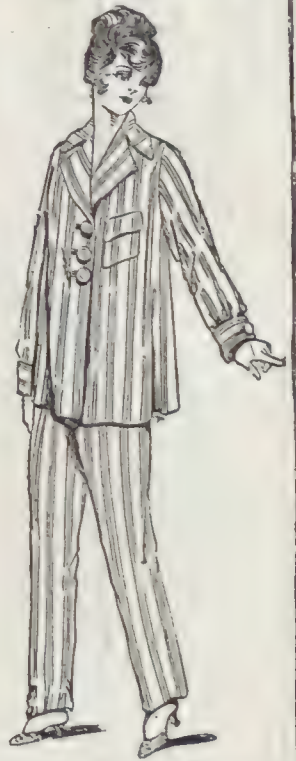
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Gown, of Cream Twill
Flannel, with dainty Em-
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Lace, finished with Pockets.
Also in Sky, Pink, Nattier,
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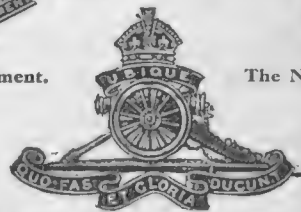
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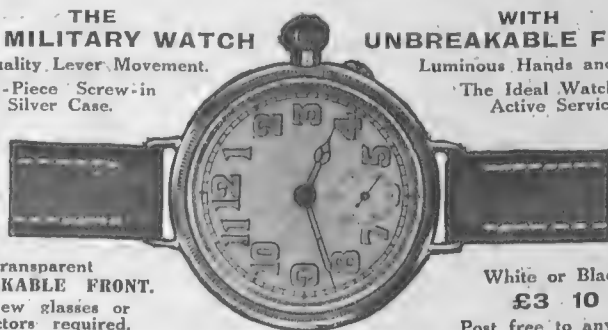
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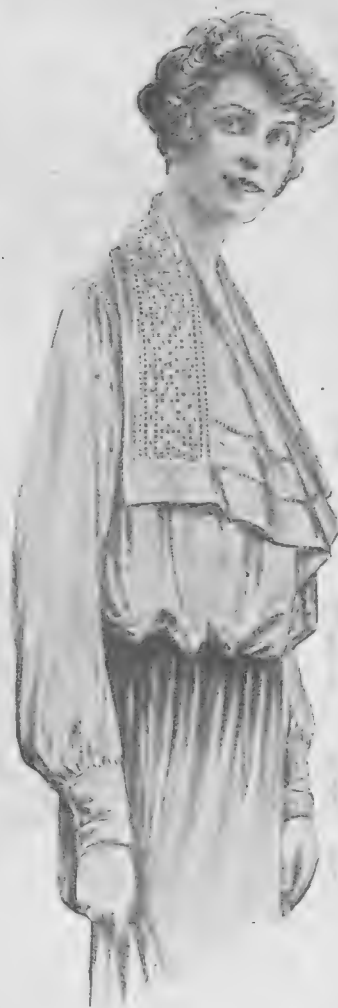
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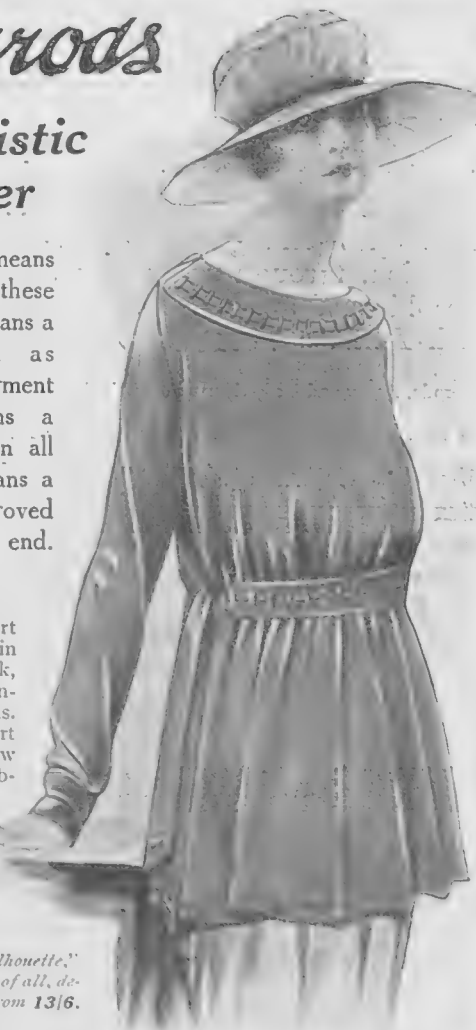
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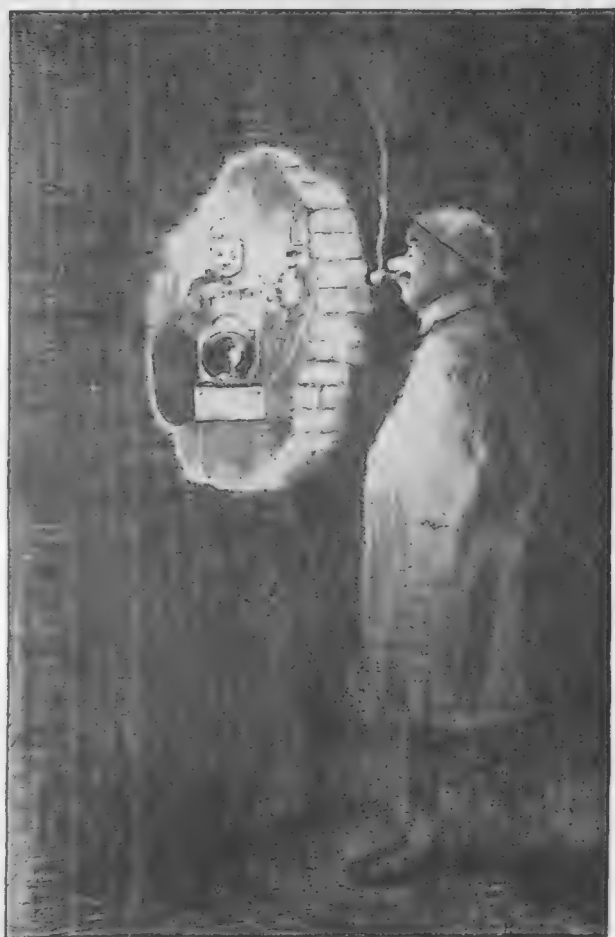
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This drawing, sent, unsolicited, by a soldier in France, is another proof of the popularity of the Decca Gramophone.

NO, he was not mistaken; it was Robey right enough. Robey's voice, with the characteristic pauses, with the subtle and inimitable inflections. And, as he listened, his thoughts sped back to that boisterously jolly evening at the Alhambra when first he made the acquaintance of the never-to-be-forgotten "Bing Boys." Robey right enough, but how had he got there? *He looked.* Ah! it's a DECCA; that explains everything—the natural tone, the clearness of each word. *He listened,* he went on listening, through song, through band selection, through "patter"; and when, finally, he tore himself away, he murmured, "Gosh! but I wish I had a DECCA Gramophone."

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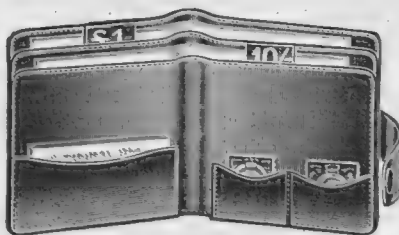
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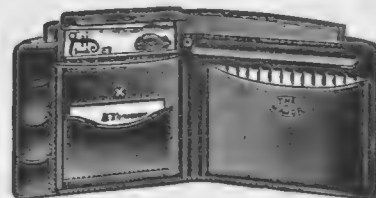
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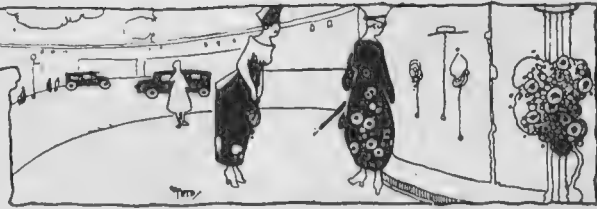
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Per Ration Card. It will not be very long before worried house-keepers settle down to shopping per ration-card. Meanwhile, there is a run on hair-restorer. The food-values are like problems in Euclid to women who have given their orders freely, or gone out and bought what they wanted. One lady told me she was developing a large grey patch, and her husband told her to preserve it as a *souvenir de la guerre*. She is observing it, and will do so if she finally decides that it is becoming. Otherwise—and a grey patch is seldom becoming—hey for 41, Museum Street and Brodie's Imperial Hair Dyes to restore the patch to its pristine colour and freshness! Harmless and perfect, permanent and odourless, these dyes make grey hair as youthful-looking as ever. There is, therefore, no need to advertise unbecomingly any worrying effect of doing one's bit in the war.

The Woman and White. All dainty women love white, and a White Sale at Harrod's, which opened on Monday, and closes next Monday, is always an opportunity appreciated by them. There are white "undies," the prettiest and most delicate; and there is a quantity of lace wherewith to trim those made by clever fingers at home—in this respect, there are rare bargains. Then there are lawn, crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, and linen blouses at prices entirely favourable to purchasers. Also there are tempting garments for the little folk, and handkerchiefs and collars for both sexes. The house, too, is included in the benefits of this White Sale; for there are bargains in table-cloths, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, bed-spreads, and table-napkins. It is a fine chance for women who love white.

Oh, Those Ovitches! Women generally are much relieved to know that it is not the heroic soldier, Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholovitch of Russia, who is dead. To us, as to most men, he stands out as a central figure in the war; and we have all confidently expected, and do expect, to see him do some great thing for Russia. The deceased Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch was also a good soldier, but spent the greater part of his life in exile from Russia, and had no share at all in the war. The "ovitch," or son of, in the Russian royal family, is rather confusing. When the ex-Tsar came to the throne our daily papers announced that his only brother and heir-presumptive had long made his home among us, thus confusing the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch (who has done so) with the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch (who, at that time, had never resided in England).

Greek and Graceful. I can see that black is going to have quite a vogue. It will not be gloomy, mourning kind of black, for we are not down-hearted—no! I was in Marshall and Snelgrove's last week, and I saw some lovely crêpe-de-Chine chemise frocks—this means straight up and down, like the name-garment of an earlier date—with wonderfully effective embroideries on the bodice portions. The sleeve draperies—they were that rather than real sleeves—were also embroidered. Some were in pale, some in deep, gold; others in copper and steel; others in steel and silver; others still were in Paisley designs and colourings. The styles were all modelled on classical garments, and were longer in the skirt than those we have worn. One cannot imagine Greek goddesses with skirts just clearing their knees. There was a grace and a femininity about them rather refreshing and peace-suggestive in these strenuous times of war.

The Battles of the Microbes.

What is your particular malevolent microbe? In these war-days our systems are battlefields, and doctors diagnose not by pulse, tongue, or symptoms, but by microbes in a drop of extracted blood. The good and beneficent microbes do their best for us, and will defeat the enemy, if we add to their microbe-power by reinforcements and keep to a healthy régime with regular use of Dinneford's Magnesia—a simple and quite pleasant aid to good microbes. We are rather apt to take it for a time, profit by it, and then forget it. In such intervals are the bad microbes reinforced by creative evils in our systems. Regular use is what is required, and assurance that we are really taking Dinneford's, and not some other and possibly deleterious preparation of magnesia which has cropped up because of the great reputation of Dinneford's in almost a century of use.

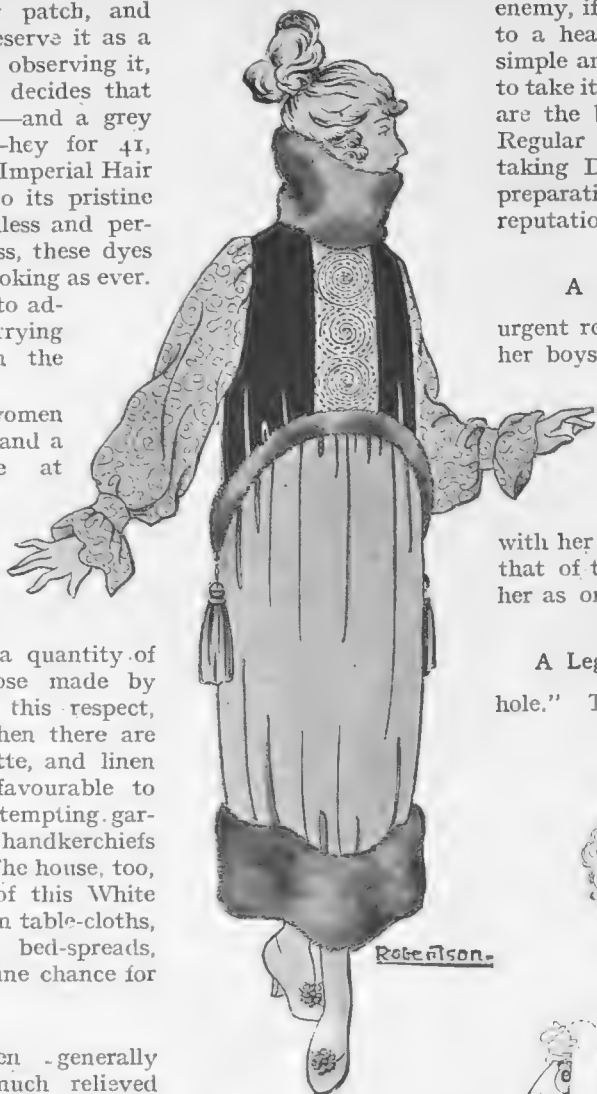
A C.B.E.

Mrs. Chalmers Watson, now ex-Chief Controller of the Waacs, has nobly done her bit. At the urgent request of the Government, she left her home, her husband, her boys, and hastened to London and took up a herculean task. She organised, planned, thought ahead for, and set into going order this most useful corps. After many months—probably influenced by one of her boys undergoing an operation for appendicitis just recently, and feeling thoroughly done up by work and anxiety—she has retired, to the deep regret of all who have been concerned with her in the successful launch and working of the corps. Also to that of the country, which tenders her grateful tribute and knows her as one of the first Commanders of the British Empire Order.

A Leg Puzzle.

"Please send me some Boyd's elastic puttees; all the other chaps have them, and they're top-hole." This was my last commission from the boy we call the

"Tiger Cub." I am the kind of commission agent not trained for my job, and what or where were the puttees in question I did not know. When in doubt, look up *Sketch*—everything and all for the fighting men is embodied in its bright pages. Sure enough—"Of all leading military tailors and outfitters, or, sole makers, M. Wright and Sons, Quorn Mills, near Loughborough." So said *Sketch*, and I personally inspected the puttees, which are more than a bit of a mystery to me—I never can make out the beginnings and endings of them. The "top-holeness" of this particular variety was apparent even to my feminine perception, for I saw they would keep in position, support the leg muscles, and keep out the wet. The "Tiger Cub" has them by now. I am looking for and, all being well, shall receive from the "Tiger Cub," addressed from "somewhere," a letter of grateful thanks.



AN ORIGINAL EVENING CLOAK.

This is made of chestnut velvet and grey charmeuse, with sleeves of copper metal lace. The panel in front is embroidered in bright-green chenille and copper threads, and the tasse's match. The fur is castor.



A CHARMING RESTAURANT GOWN

Beads are still greatly favoured as trimmings. The dress shown above is of dull black charmeuse, and is ornamented with bright-blue and silver beads. The vest is of silver cloth, and the sash of blue-and-silver brocade lined with silver.



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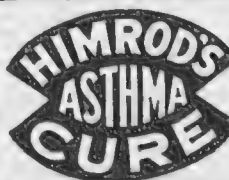


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THE AIR FORCE: CHEERINESS AT THE FRONT.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

HAVING more or less indicated why the flying people at home do not always feel as cheery as those abroad, it seems rather the right thing to show cause why France is so much more desirable as a residence for aviators. The basic reason for it is that they have that comfortable feeling that "something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose"—not to mention a good dinner beforehand. Also, they know that they have got the upper hand of the Hun in the air. There is, likewise, no scarcity of food at the front—and very rightly so, for one imagines that anyone in this country would starve cheerfully rather than let any of the lads on active service go hungry for five minutes.

The Inner Man. It was Napoleon, was it not—or was it Wellington?—who said "A Scotsman fights best half-starved, and an Irishman half-drunk, but an Englishman must be well fed"? All three statements are libellous, with the lie which is half a truth mixed up in them, for the Englishman has proved over and over again that he can fight well when on the verge of starvation. But food is necessary if one is to withstand cold; and the man who is going out on a three-hour patrol at anything between 10,000 and 15,000 feet, where the thermometer is away down below the Davos Platz level, plus a hundred-mile-an-hour gale to blow the cold well in, does need solid food to stand it. And Headquarters sees that he gets it.

The Air Force Chief of Staff.

Psychologically he is just as well equipped in these days, for the R.F.C. believes firmly in its Chief, and belief in its leader is worth winning a dozen battles to any fighting force. The Chief of the Air Staff of the new Air Force, Major-General Sir Hugh Trenchard, has certainly performed one of the most astonishing feats of leadership in the history of the British Army during the past three years. When he took over the command of the R.F.C. in 1915, it was outnumbered by the Huns, and it was outclassed by their aeroplanes and engines. The officers and men were certainly the finest material in the world; but there were too few of them, and they were not adequately mounted. As the Corps expanded it was filled up with youngsters fresh from school, and juvenile civilians from all over the Empire; while the Huns, on the other hand, drew on the pick of the young men of their army—men already fully trained as soldiers. The motley crowd of people for the R.F.C. were rushed through the training schools in England as quickly as possible, and fired off to France as fast as aeroplanes could be built for them to fly. There was nothing else for it. Numbers were absolutely necessary. Many of them had only flown alone for a few hours before meeting Fritz in the air and "Archie" from the ground. Yet such was the personality of the General Officer Commanding that he made them into the finest flying service in the world. He nursed them through the "Fokker scourge" of the winter of 1915-16, when their machines, with few exceptions, were utterly beaten for speed and climbing power by the little German monoplanes. And he nursed them

through the almost equally bad time in the winter of 1916-17, when the small, fast German biplane-scouts—Albatrosses, Halberstadts, Rolands, Fokkers, and so forth—made themselves so unpleasant. In those periods the Corps had a terrible doing; they lost faith in the people at home—they even lost faith in themselves individually at times—but they never lost faith in their leader. Whatever he ordered to be done was done without question, because they knew it would not be ordered without perfectly adequate reason; and, if it seemed impossible to the people who had to do it, they did it just the same, and with the same good heart, because they knew that he knew that it was necessary. How many times this fine spirit saved the British Army from surprise and defeat probably Sir Douglas Haig alone knows, but how entirely that spirit is due to Sir Hugh Trenchard's leadership the R.F.C. knows to a man. Now that he is at home as Chief of the Air Staff, the Corps feels happy (although it misses him personally more than it would care to confess), because it knows that its interests are in the safest possible hands. And, fortunately, the General Officer now commanding the R.F.C. in the field—presumably one may not mention his name, although the Hun must know it perfectly well by this

time—is one whose soldierly ability and judgment causes the Corps to trust him only second to General Trenchard himself. Besides which the Corps has every reason, based on long experience, to believe in its Brigade Commanders, each of whom was of General Trenchard's choice. So that also is good reason for being cheerful.

Aeroplane and Engine Superiority.

Over and above all this, the R.F.C. is now better mounted than the enemy. The superiority of the German aeroplane, as such, has vanished. To-day, the little Sopwith single-seat fighters (nicknamed the "Pup" and the "Camel"), the bigger Martinsyde (known as the "Elephant"), the big two-seater Bristol fighter, and the De Havilland two-seater are more than able to hold their own against the Germans' best. The much-vaunted Mercedes and Benz engines have more than met their match in the newer Rolls-Royces and Beardmores and Clergés. And one may, perhaps, be permitted to say that some of the newer engines by those firms, and others whose names are as well known among motorists—though it may not be advisable to mention them here till one knows that some have fallen into the enemy's hands—are likely to give the Hun a still worse shaking up. The present state of affairs is that, whenever a patrol of our fighters meets a patrol of air Huns less than five or six times as numerous as ours, the Huns simply pack up and go home. All of which seems to account fairly well for an atmosphere of cheerfulness in France. Possibly the Hun may have something new and nasty waiting to spring on our people when his promised great offensive starts; but, having some knowledge of what is being produced in this country, one cannot believe that he has anything as thoroughly vicious as some of the newest aeroplanes which we are getting through for the Flying Services.



R.F.C. OFFICERS IN EAST AFRICA: A GROUP AT HEADQUARTERS—DAR-ES-SALAAM, THE FORMER GERMAN CAPITAL.

The squadron to which the officers shown belong has been two years in German East Africa, and has been actively employed all over the country in every campaign. The names (reading from left to right) are: Bottom Row—Lt. G. W. T. Gairrod, Capt. G. F. F. Collender, Major G. P. Wallace, D.S.O. (in command), Capt. and Adj. A. E. Kennedy, Lt. E. H. Morris, Lt. E. E. Wright; Second Row—Sec. Lt. C. F. Strauchon, Sec. Lt. F. H. Waldron, Lt. L. Walmsley, M.C., Sec. Lt. A. E. Reynolds, Sec. Lt. E. M. Henderson; Third Row—Capt. J. Clidall, M.C., Sec. Lt. F. H. Dear, M.C., Sec. Lt. V. F. Toulmin, Sec. Lt. N. H. Kilby, Lt. M. Weinberg; Back Row—Sec. Lt. W. F. Willis, Lt. A. A. J. Poole, Lt. L. J. Newman, Lt. W. P. Brown.

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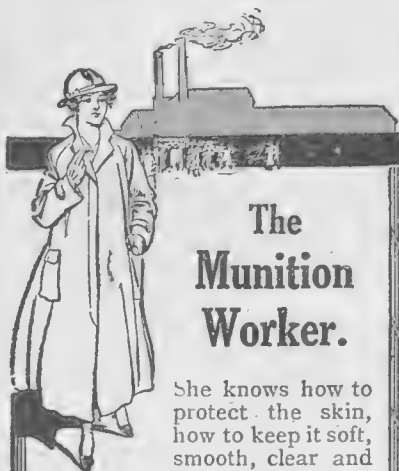
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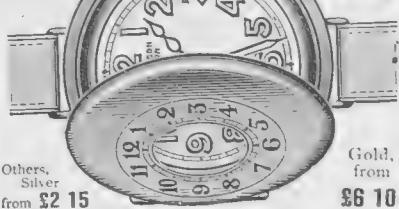
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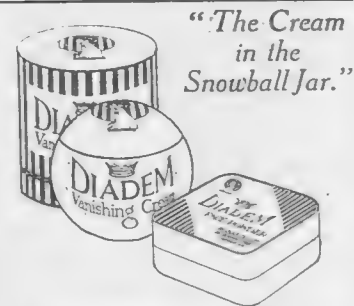
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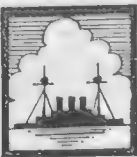
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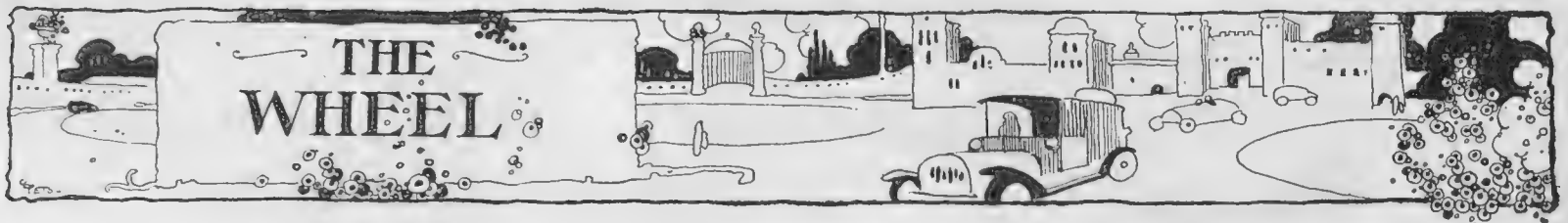
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PROBLEMS FOR CAR-DESIGNERS: AFTER THE WAR: THE MOTOR INDUSTRY IN THE WAR.

Post-War Intentions.

Only the hyper-sanguine attempt to fix a period to the present war, and it would be folly indeed for any motor-manufacturer to take any practical steps towards the laying-down of new chassis in large numbers, with a view to putting them on the market immediately peace comes to be declared. For one thing, his premises are devoted to other work, every motor firm being engaged in the making of one form or other of munitions; and, for another thing, he would find it impossible, under present conditions, to obtain the labour or materials for anything outside his Government contracts. None the less, a man cannot prevent his brains from working, and, though he may not attempt to fix a date for the ending of the war, he is hardly entitled to regard it as a thing that will go on for ever. In his spare moments, therefore, he is bound to consider, at all events, the type of car that he will build when he is able to return to his normal line of work; and, as a matter of fact, I have come across several cases in which the course to be followed has already been definitely fixed.

High Quality Cars.

Curiously enough, they are all on the same lines. They may not be typical, it is true, of the general trend of British design after the war, but the people I have come across have all the same point in view—namely, to aim at the highest possible efficiency in respect of the engine and transmission. In other words, they have no intention whatsoever of adopting Transatlantic methods of standardised production on a colossal scale, but will produce a car that will appeal to the private owner of long experience who knows a good thing when he sees it. From this it is not to be inferred, however, that they aspire to turn out big cars *de luxe* after the manner of the Rolls-Royce or Napier. They admit that the after-war owner will want something much more modest in respect of initial price, and even more so in respect of upkeep. Medium horse-power will be aimed at, together with the maximum economy in petrol consumption and the minimum of wear and tear in tyres. But the essential factor is to be quality—of design, material, and workmanship alike—although it will be manifested in cars of smaller size and power than those with which it has previously been most conspicuously associated. As for the particular firms which produced the largest and most expensive cars before the war, their intentions have yet to be disclosed; but the average British manufacturer will probably go in for lightness and super-excellence in smaller forms.

Will the Cheap Car Come?

As to whether any serious intentions are being harboured by important firms of attempting to meet the Americans in respect of cheap "quantity" cars there is as yet no evidence to discuss. At least it may be said, however, that the difficulties in the way of such a course

are enormous. For one thing, the conditions of labour are totally different in our own country from those which prevail in the United States. Then, again, the cost of conversion of the British public to a belief in one particular type would be prodigious; and without such conversion the car cannot be turned out in such colossal quantities as to make excessive cheapness possible. Mr. Ford, on the other hand, can order his sparking-plugs by the million; and has been known to scrap £90,000 worth of machinery at a stroke for the sake of saving 12s. per car in the cost of production. His whole factory works like a clock, and the slightest deviation from the ordinary routine upsets the whole place from end to end—as witness the incident which was mentioned a short time ago under

this heading, of an order for a few cars to be painted red costing the firm £50,000 in lost time. The only question to be solved, therefore, is whether British manufacturers generally, without attempting to come down to American levels as to quantities or price, will, nevertheless, decide to confine their energies to a single model of a smaller type than their previous largest, and so reduce the purchase figures at which their cars have hitherto been offered to the public.

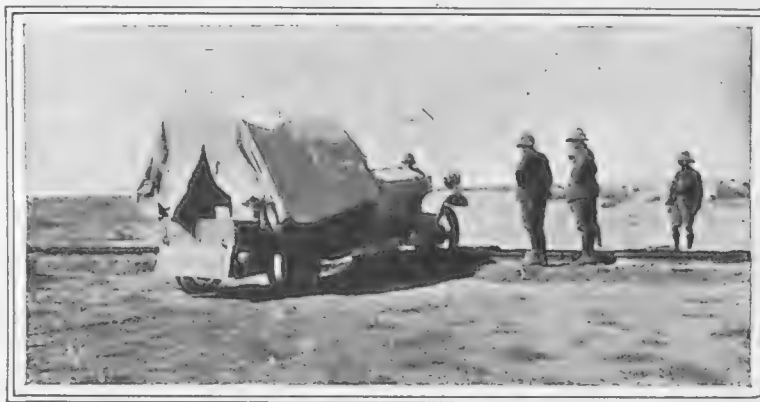
An Unfortunate Confession.

There is nothing in connection with the war that can be stated

with more confidence as a truism than that the motor industry saved the country—not only by working night and day from the outset to provide motor-lorries and ambulances for the front, but also by being the first industry in Great Britain to go outside its wonted routine and embark on the fashioning of shells and other munitions, and building aeroplanes and aero-motors alike. No section of the community, moreover, responded to the call of patriotism more spontaneously or more fully than the private motorist, who everywhere did yeoman service in Red Cross work, and also gave over a million pounds' worth of cars out of hand

for conversion into ambulances. None the less, there is a considerable and growing feeling of resentful regret at the entirely uncalled-for prejudice which has been rampant in many quarters throughout the war against motorists as a body; and the position is scarcely improved by a belated disclosure which has just come to light. It now appears, from the report of an address to an American Bankers' Association

by a British Treasury official, that the East End of London was deliberately bestrewn with anti-motoring placards in order to set class against class, and cause the East-Enders to go Westwards and hoot the owners of motor-vehicles. The essence of the matter is that the "hooter" had no means of knowing which cars were being justifiably used and which were not, but was incited to regard every motor-car on the streets as an offence against patriotism and national economy. In such a case as this would "Dora" be called in?



A BRITISH ARMOURD CAR IN MESOPOTAMIA: CROSSING THE RAILWAY.

Photograph by Mendoza Galleries.



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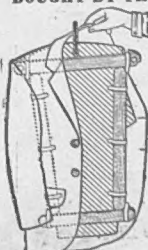
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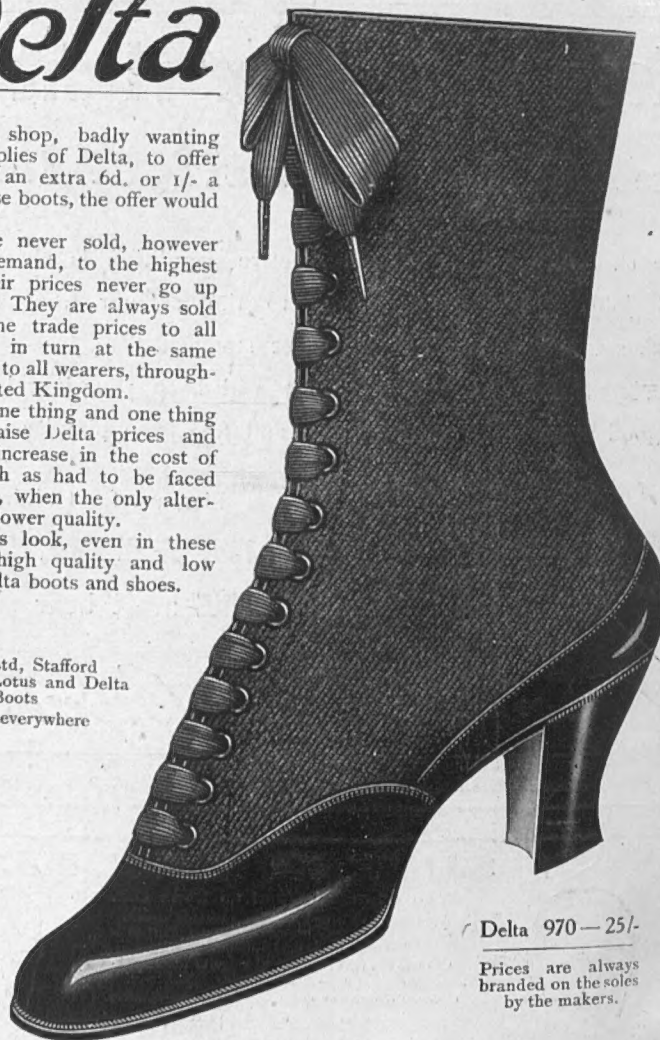
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